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a Magazine of Young Ideas



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Announcing A NEW MAGAZINE

Screenland, Inc., publishers of *Screenland Magazine*, announce the first issue of a new national magazine—**REAL LIFE STORIES**.

A high and worthy purpose actuates the publishers in their new venture.

The new magazine, we believe, is destined to be a very real and helpful force in the lives of its readers.

It is to be a Book of Life. Every story will be a heart story, a living, throbbing slice of Life. Our book will be written by our readers, out of the fullness and richness of *their own experiences*. The tawdry, the cheap, the flimsy, the unreal will have no place in **REAL LIFE STORIES**. But every phase of *real life* as it is lived in these good, old wholesome United States of America will be mirrored there.

The First Issue

From the very first number, we want you to feel its excellence, its sincerity, its dignity of purpose, and its absorbing interest.

Here are only a few of the titles, but they will give you a glimpse into the new book, sufficient, we are sure, to intrigue your interest:

Mad Youth

The poignant story of a child-wife, bored with the monotony of the farm and with her silent, good husband, steps blindly out upon the primrose path with a charming vagabond poet, who feeds her on lyrics and "tramps" the lovely countryside with her in a rattling Ford, until—

Strange Seas

Not all show-girls are tarnished gold; not all well-bred men are chivalrous; but some show-girls are pure and many "gentlemen" are cads, according to the bitter experience of a soubrette who steps down from the stage into marriage and grief.

And the Gods Laughed

An O. Henry bit of brilliant satire upon a stage woman's craving for domesticity, told by a newspaper reporter who interviews her.

The Dangerous Age

Every man of forty-five who has been serenely married for years meets a Rosalind; and every Rosalind who works for a living meets her "Judge Thompson" sooner or later.

The Brick Wall

All the delicate wistfulness of the sorrow-ravaged face of her who wrote this story is here for you to see, together with a poetic quality which we had believed to be stifled with grief.

Free Love

"I have heard a hundred variations of the gospel of free love, and every one of them from some man who wanted to possess me—temporarily—and to salve his conscience," said a self-sufficient and charming young business woman. "But I know a girl who beat the 'free love' game, and I believe she'll write her story for you." We found her in the little Western city where she now lives happily, and asked her to write the story—and she did.

The Poppy Plant

The story of a dead soldier's intervention between his worthless wife and his own brother—a "come back" by way of a poppy plant and an opium pipe.

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By WILLIAM EGLINTON

The Romantic Age in the Movies

By Robert E. Sherwood

Drawings by Everett Shinn

¶ *The Costume Pictures are a Terrible Blow to the Hollywood Barbers—but the Fencing Instructors are Growing Fat.*

EVERY human being who is deposited on this earth, for one reason or another, passes through two stages before he (or, as it frequently happens, she) attains full growth.

The first stage is Infancy. The second is known as "the romantic age."

The symptoms of the romantic age in the female of the species are these:

- Reading and writing poetry.
- Pasting pictures of Ramon Navarro on the mirror.
- Gazing at the moon.
- Wishing that the days of chivalry would come back.
- Writing fan letters to handsome actors.
- Posing for photographs with a rose held between the teeth.
- Practising Greek dances on the lawn.

The symptoms evinced by the male element are almost parallel:

Reading the novels of Scott, Henty, Dumas and other writers of historical fiction.

Gazing at the moon.

Trying to cultivate a small, silky mustache and a pair of side-burns.

Writing fan letters to comely ingenues.

Posing for photographs with Bill Hart expression of calm determination.

Practising tenor solos.

None of these symptoms are serious or incurable. Indeed, they are all part of the natural course of events.

Stars, once content with sport shirts and evening dress, are now going in for jerkins, suits of armour, doublets and other antiquated articles of regalia.





Richard Barthelmess, whose chief charm has been his homely Americanism stepped forth in the finery of another day in "The Bright Shawl," that flashing affair of the brave days of 1850.

How "Passion" Started It

THE romantic age on the screen started on a chill December afternoon in 1920, at the Capital Theatre on the desert isle of Manhattan. The occasion was the first film to be imported from Germany since the invasion of Belgium in 1914. The picture was "Passion"—a costume drama if there ever was one.

When *Passion*—or *Du Barry*, as it was originally called—reached the unfriendly shores of these United States, it confronted a situation difficult enough to scare off the most determined invader. As the shortage of bananas had not become acute at that time, the popular song of the moment was, "Yes, We Want No Costume Pictures."

Romantic dramas, said the wise-ones of the movie industry, were as out of date as yesterday's shave. Any producer who dared to suggest that he would like to make a picture with scenes laid in the good old days of 1911—or previous—was told to buy a one way ticket to Samoa and take time to think it over.

The film rights to old novels were in the same dormant condition with the proverbial Ford Service Station in Jerusalem.

Shaking Off the Cocoon

"PASSION", however, surprised everyone (including its sponsors) by making a big hit. It was bought on a basis of German marks, but it was sold to the local public for 100 per cent. American dollars.

Moreover, it made a profound impression on the Hollywood aristocracy. Movie people decided that they would like to direct like Ernst Lubitsch and act like Pola Negri. When that idea had been firmly implanted in their minds, the silent drama started to shake off the cocoon that had stifled it and emerged from its infancy.

The results of this tremendous upheaval have been startling.

Aside from these incidental aspects of the situation that I have mentioned above—the opulent fencing masters, the impoverished barbers, etc.—there have been many revolutionary changes on the screen. What is more, the public has accepted them.

Following *Passion* and its Teutonic brethren—*Deception*, *Gipsy Blood*, *All for a* (Continued on Page 84)

Now Comes the Romantic Age

THE fact that the movies are fundamentally human is proven by their career. They passed through an infancy that was as celebrated and profitable as their own Jackie Coogan's, and as long as Mary Miles Minter's; now they have entered upon the romantic age.

Today, the screen is all littered up with love (in the old fashioned sense of the word.) Stars who, four years ago, were content to appear in immaculate evening dress, sport shirts or natty cowboy togs are now going in for jerkins, suits of armor, doublets, crinolines and other antiquated articles of regalia.

Villains who once were willing to be killed with blank cartridges, are now being punctured with lances, rapiers and dirks. Fencing instructors in Los Angeles and vicinity are growing opulent and fat.

Chins that were once as smooth as an oil stock promoter are now hidden behind Van Dyke beards. The Hollywood barbers are starving.

It is indeed a strange situation, in a world that is sufficiently strange to begin with.

How, you may ask (and probably won't), did it all happen?

Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars Are Annually Thrown Away in Pictures Because of Ignorance, Vanity and Wilfulness.

IS THIS WASTE?

By

HELEN STARR



FORREST HALSEY, the playwright, wrote a story with a motion picture angle. He offered it to a big film producer, who put a ridiculously low price on it.

"Originals, they are no goot," said the big producer. "But your name, it might sell it. How about five hundred dollars, nicht?"

"Nicht," said Halsey decidedly, and put his story on the shelf. A month later he wrote a play around the plot, and secured a brief Broadway run for it. But after that it faltered and died, as so many Broadway plays do, and the storehouse received it.

But an agent, who knew the psychological processes of big film producers, asked to be allowed to sell screen rights for the play. He named a figure he could get for it—twenty times what the first offer had been. Halsey laughed at him but told him to go ahead.

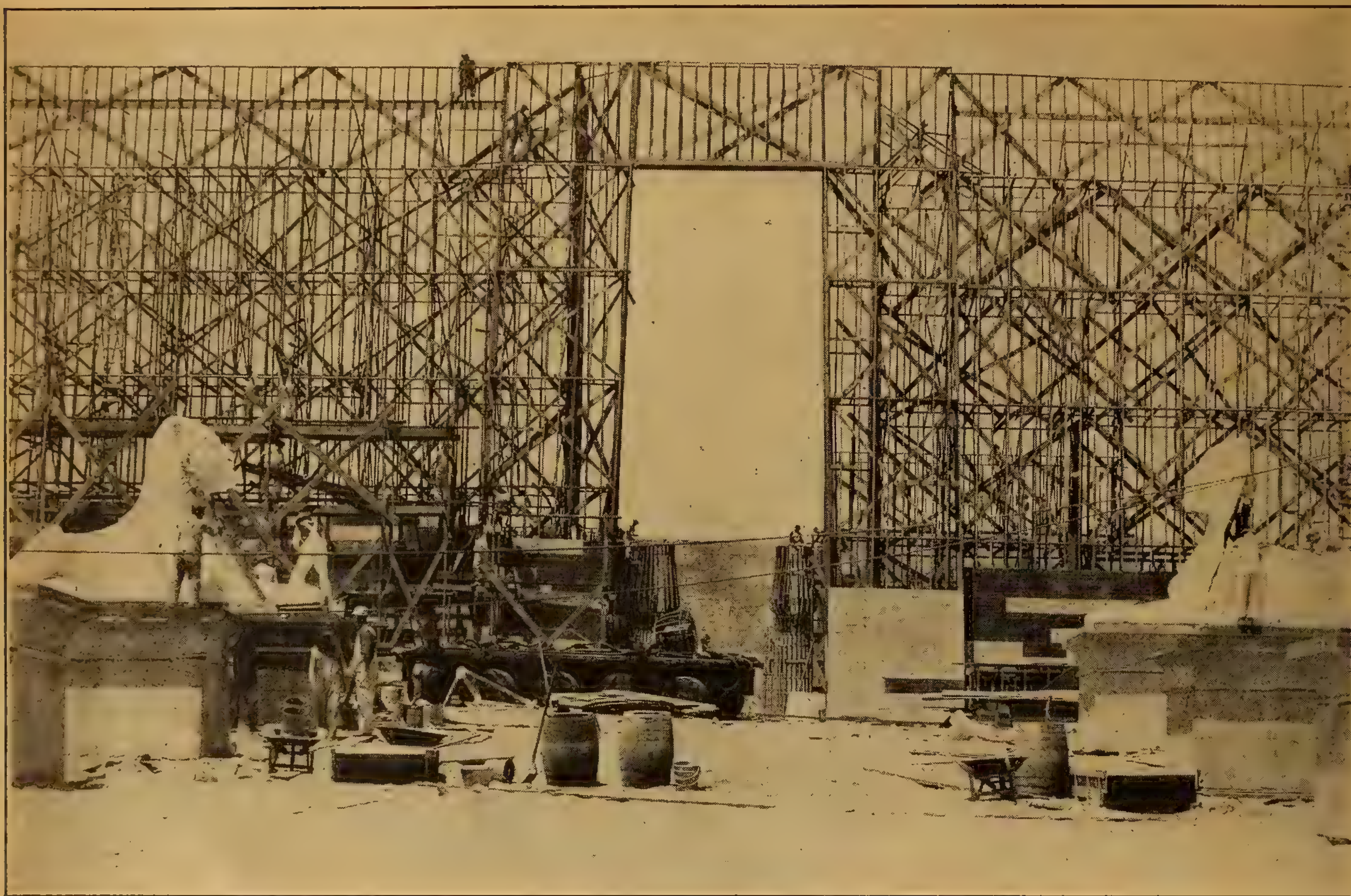
One shot of the fantastic set showing the ancient city of Bagdad, built for Douglas Fairbank's new photoplay, "The Thief of Bagdad." One and a half acres of concrete forms the basis of the structure.

Within thirty days the agent came to Halsey and asked if he would accept a check for \$20,000 for the screen rights to his story. The offer was from the same producer who had originally offered him \$500. When Halsey came out of his delirium, he accepted on the spot.

The reason for the enormous increase? Simply that the scenario was no longer an "original"; it had had a stage showing. And although the publicity value as far as the country as a whole is concerned to the producer was worth about a thin dime, yet he was impressed by it to the tune of \$20,000.

Cecil de Mille about to "shoot" the spectacular charge of 250 chariots and 500 horsemen across the Mojave desert in California for his "The Ten Commandments."





The high pylon of Pharaoh's palace, designed for Cecil de Mille's "The Ten Commandments," in course of construction. When finished it was a hundred feet high and a thousand feet long.

What of Cecil de Mille?

WILL failure face Cecil de Mille's *The Ten Commandments*, now being done so luxuriously in California that it may eventually cause the famous director to change his studio base of operations? That remains to be seen. Anyway, de Mille is spending a fortune.

Will Doug Fairbanks' *The Thief of Bagdad* be a superb adventure or a financial winner? Anyway Doug has gone ahead to build the ancient city of the Thousand and One Nights adventures as he fancies it—without regard for cost.

What of the dozen or so other big "specials," already completed or under way?

Is this waste?

A Wasteful Business

THIS typical incident is only one reason for the colossal wastefulness of picture producing. In no business in the world is the overhead so tremendous and the wastefulness so wanton—except perhaps in our government at Washington. It's an amazing business!

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are thrown away annually in the making of motion pictures.

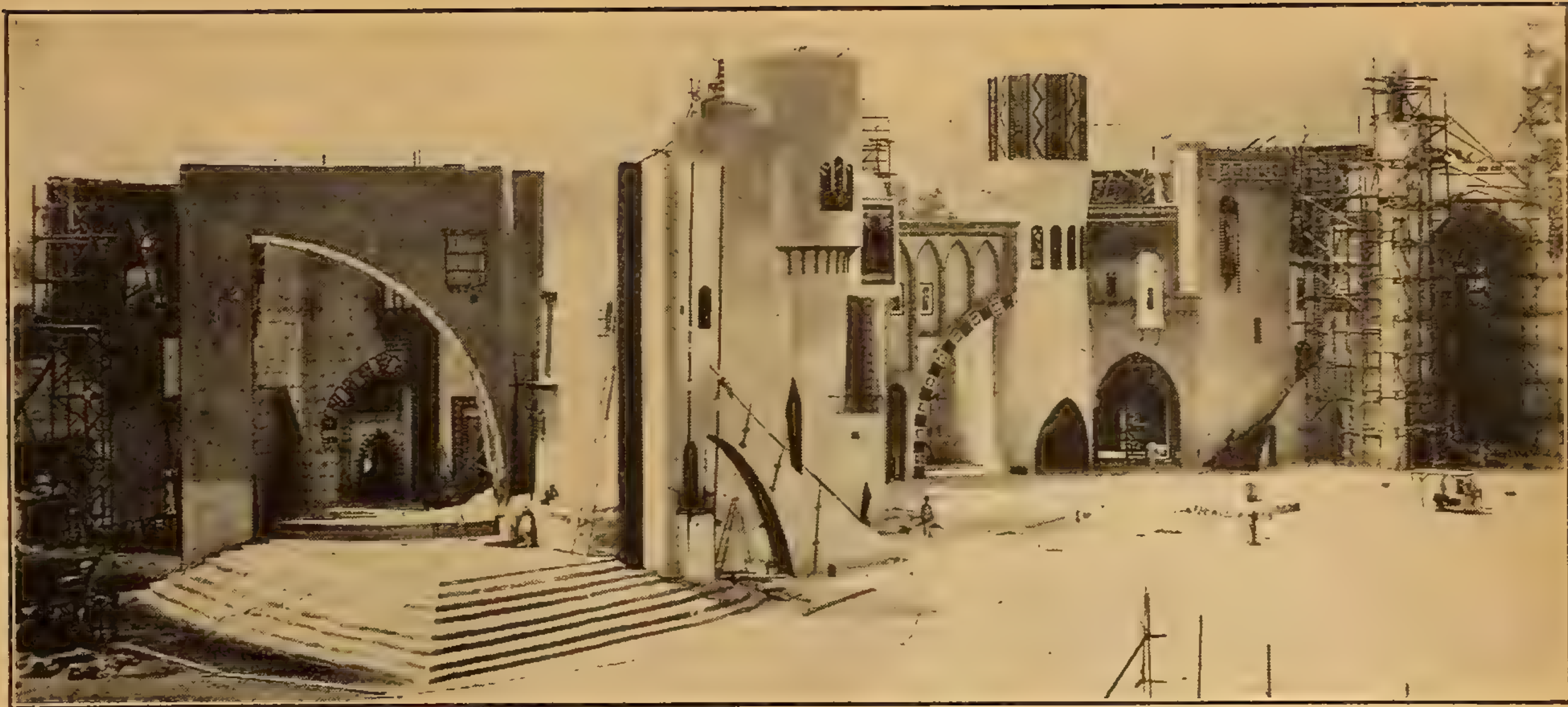
The same setting as shown above—in its completed form and as it appears in "The Ten Commandments." The royal procession is about to exit.



Thrown away, because of the ignorance of a producer, or the vanity of a director, or the wilfulness of a star. And, sometimes, thrown away because of situations that could never be foreseen and are undoubtedly caused by the malignance of Satan himself. Any director will swear to the last statement.

A certain street in Hollywood has cost the Fox studio thousands of dollars. The Fox studio rambles along on either side of Western Avenue—the dramatic lot on one side and the comedy lot on the other. Every day, lumber and “props” and lights have to be carted across the street, laboriously engineered over the heavy flow of traffic. When the studio was built, Western Avenue was a little-frequented street. Nobody foresaw that it would become the artery of traffic that it now is. Nobody foresaw that so much time—and time is money in picture-making—would be wasted, just in crossing that street.

Fox has purchased 450 acres of land out in Westwood, midway between Hollywood and the ocean, for a new



Another glimpse of the old city of Bagdad as Doug Fairbanks has re-created it.

studio. The Fox heads figure that it is cheaper for them to buy new land and move their huge plant, than to continue carting materials over expensive Western Avenue. And the new studio will not be separated by any public thoroughfare!

The studio will have its own private lake and its own railroad track. It is tired of paying from \$50 to \$100 an hour to the railroads, for the privilege of using their trains for a few shots. Now some retired, decrepit engineer will run one ancient locomotive up and down a studio track and enjoy the comfort of his pension days.

Real Jewels for Atmosphere

THE passion for realism has carried many a director to lengths that gave his producer acute agony in the region of the pocket nerve. Consider the director who hired some \$400,000 worth of diamonds from Tiffany for a ball-room scene at an exorbitant rental, when the five-and-ten cent store variety screen exactly as well.

Consider, too, the directors who “write in” location trips in the quest for pleasure.

Locations cost money. To move a whole company of actors, technical people and live stock counts up tremendously. One shudders to contemplate the cost of the location trips entailed in *The Covered Wagon*—but in that case the cost was certainly justified by the results.

More and more, however, directors are passing up locations in favor of studio sets—or rather, the cost experts are doing it for them. Studio carpenters and “prop” men are becoming so clever that they can manufacture a desert that looks more like

From this platform Cecil de Mille has been directing 2500 players. You will note him in goggles and veils as protection against flying sand. (For the scenes were shot on the 300 square miles of barren dunes in North California. This cost \$30,000 a day.)

a desert than the Sahara does. In fact, not so long ago, a director out on location in Arizona wired his boss, “Coming home tomorrow. Better western atmosphere on the back lot.” *Cont'd on page 82*





1. (left)
Came a day while walking
through the garden of love,
she came—

2. (right)
Face to face with a sheik who—



3.
Gathered her in his
strong brown arms
and hied him hence

The ADVENTURES of PHOTOPLAY PHYLLIS

By JOHN HELD, Jr.



4

To his Bedouin tent— as
she regained consciousness
she felt a hot breath upon
her cheek—



5.

And, awakening,
found she had
dozed off in the
calf pasture.



Natacha Rambova Valentino believes that an over-emphasis of the Valentino personality has blinded the public to the fact that Valentino can act. And so her whole fight—and his fight—has been against "Sheik stuff."

BALL

C Mrs. Valentino says there is no secret of love and matrimony---and that Rudy's film personality is a false one.

RODOLPH VALENTINO and MARRIAGE

By Anna Prophater

WHEN RODOLPH VALENTINO married Winifred Hudnut, the opinion of nine-tenths of the women in the United States was that she was the luckiest girl in the world. The opinion of the submerged one-tenth was that she might have done better had she married the Prince of Wales.

And the unanimous opinion of the men who had seen the Valentino craze break hearts, homes and engagements was that the marriage wouldn't last two months. For everyone with any common sense knows that a crazy, dancing foreigner is a bad choice for a husband and that a girl who calls herself Natacha Rambova and goes in for Russian dancing doesn't measure up to the requirements of the ideal wife. Just a couple of crazy love Bolsheviks, that's all.

*Still Laugh at
Each Other's
Jokes*

WELL, the Valentinos have been married nearly two years, New York time, and almost a year, California time and they still laugh at each

Natacha Rambova Valentino is engrossed in her husband's success and his ambitions. Like Mary Pickford, she is the Disraeli, the Colonel House and the Charles Evan Hughes of the household.

other's jokes. The first sign of domestic trouble comes when the husband springs a good one and the wife merely answers with a dirty look. The Valentinos haven't come to that.

Of course, just because a movie star and his wife have lived together more than a year in peace is no sign that they will be celebrating their golden wedding. But you ought to give them credit for breaking all records established by the Upper Park Avenue set where marriage doesn't last as long as the lease on the apartment.

Contrary to feminine opinion, Mrs. Valentino was not





BALL

"If Rodolph had simply been an attractive man with a certain charm for women, it would have been easy to replace him," says Mrs. Valentino, "But it hasn't been so easy to find another Valentino, has it?"

tute legal papers. But it's all over now. In her apartment at the Hotel des Artistes, Mrs. Valentino prepared for a trip to France and Italy. Another honeymoon? No, just a vacation. It will be a rest from the long, dreary and lonesome months spent on the dancing tour.

An Unusual Sort of Movie Wife

THERE ARE all sorts of movie wives. There are the frivolous ones who step out, there are the home-loving ones who do the mending, there are the wives with careers of their own and there are the wives with influence. Mrs. Valentino is one of the few wives with influence. She reminds you of Mary Pickford. She talks business in a sane, cool-headed way. She is engrossed in her husband's success and his ambitions. Like Mary Pickford, she is the Disraeli, the Colonel House and the Charles Evans Hughes of the household. And, naturally,

her husband thinks she is the Whole Works.

Too Sophisticated to Talk of Love

MRS. VALENTINO is much too sophisticated to talk about love and marriage. She won't give you any rule about How to Hold a Husband. She knows that if there were an infallible method the secret would be worth a million dollars.

Too much publicity about her marriage has made her sensitive and shy about talking about her romance. She believes that an over-emphasis of the Valentino personality has blinded the public to the fact that Valentino can act. And so her whole fight—and his (Continued on page 96)

the luckiest girl in the world. Would you consider yourself the luckiest girl in the world if you married a man who owed \$80,000? Would you think you were in for a life of bliss if your husband had no position and stood small chance of getting a position for several years? Would you think you stood on the top of the world if your husband were dragged from the honeymoon to answer a charge of bigamy?

No, you wouldn't. Very likely you would go home to father and the certainty of three meals a day.

Mrs. Valentino, naturally enough, won't admit that she wasn't the luckiest girl in the world. But she will admit that the first months of their married life weren't all moonlight and roses. For moonlight please substitute the unbecoming glare of publicity and for roses please substi-

With reports of her divorce rumored and denied and rumored again, Irene Castle has just returned from France. The two pictures on this page were "shot" on the famous beach at Deauville. They reveal a different glimpse of "the best dressed woman in the world."



WIDE WORLD



WIDE WORLD

*From
Deauville
To
Long
Island*

In contrast to Miss Castle's Deauville costume is Alice Brady's bathing suit and soft coat for strolling along the beach. The picture was made beside Miss Brady's own pool in the garden of her Long Island home.

© UNDERWOOD AND,
UNDERWOOD

The Crepe de chene Revolution

By Helen Lee

Black negligée is piquant—and as worn by Mae Murray, at the left, is more propaganda for crepe de chene. The young lady below is Peggy Shaw.



HESSER

BACK in the days when we were young and innocent and never went to the movies, all little girls and boys thought that an envelope was something you sent a letter in and that a combination was a salad made of cucumbers and tomatoes.

Also it was polite to refer to lingerie as "unmentionables," although, strictly speaking, it should have been "unpronounceables."

It was generally conceded that you couldn't beat a good, high-necked and long-sleeved flannelette nightgown for durability and warmth. You were also supposed to be risking a bad case of pneumonia or a severe attack of quinsy sorethroat when you ventured forth in less than two flannel petticoats. Nightgowns or petticoats with ribbons on them were thought to be an infallible sign of a wayward disposition and a tendency for the primrose path.

The first daring pioneers who ventured into pink crepe de chine were terribly talked about when the neighbors sighted the filmy garments on the clothesline. Clergymen were immediately reminded of the Fall of Rome. Nowadays the girls who wears pink crepe de chine is considered just too naive and unsophisticated for words.

Gloria and the Flannelette Market

BUT, so far, no viewer-with-alarm has yet blamed the movies for the terrible slump in the flannelette



HESSER

Q. *The Photoplay has changed the taste of America in what our pre-movie land once called "unmentionables"*

market. And yet one flannelette factory after another has gone out of business. Everytime Gloria Swanson appears in a new picture, the market price of flannelette drops ten points and the price of Georgette crepe and chiffon soars to the skies.

Such is the terrible georgette menace of the screen that out in Minnesota where the thermometer falls to thirty degrees below in Winter, the girls wear the local imitations of the same garments paraded in sunny California by our neatest film sirens. If Bebe Daniels and Corinne Griffith say it is to be black chiffon, black chiffon it is back on the farm, even though father freezes his ears and the water gets solid in the pump.

On the screen, of course, the stars wear lovely lingerie in the interest of art. How else, in fact, are you going to portray ladies with chiffon souls? If the scenario writer demands that you be a daughter of the idle rich, how better to register luxury than by a bit of lingerie that won't stand the strain of the old family washboard.

Rainbow Lingerie

EXPERTS agree that pink lingerie is only worn by women with no imagination. A trip through the studios when the boudoir sets are disclosed to sight-seers proves that the lingerie of the stars comes in all the colors of the rainbow.

Gloria Swanson, for instance, has darkish red hair and green-gray-blue eyes. On or off the screen she seldom wears emphatic shades; she likes pastel hues. When it comes to lingerie her favorite colors are green and pale yel-



HESSER

Mae Murray is probably the best exponent of negligée on the screen. Miss Murray has carried her propaganda against red flannel to the far corners of America.

low, set off by black or white. Do you remember the negligee in *The Gilded Cage*? Of course you do, even if you have forgotten the plot of the picture. It was green chiffon with an over-drapery of black lace worn over georgette lingerie. Or do you remember the still more dashing lingerie in *His American Wife*? It consisted of black chiffon, with sleeves two yards wide. And there was another negligee of pale citron yellow, embroidered with white beads and trimmed with ermine tails. Try that at home on your sewing machine.

In *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, Gloria will launch the winter underwear season. She will show you the correct styles to replace the long-sleeved union suit and the high-necked nightie. There is for instance, a black chiffon and yellow
(Continued on page 92)

Q. *Every time Gloria Swanson appears in a new picture, the market price of flannelette drops 10 points.*

Q. *Posing in your underwear has become one of our quaint native costumes.*

Q. *Soft white is more disastrous than black jet.*



Miss Evans, the best little Southpaw writer in all picturedom, was long the mainstay of one of the motion picture magazines. Now she is contributing her brilliant articles to SCREENLAND.

CAMPBELL STUDIOS

DELIGHT EVANS



GOLDBERG

Q Gloria Swanson wears an amazing wig in *Zaza*. Everyone protested about it—but Gloria liked it. Hadn't she been told, by Elinor Glyn and others, that she is reminiscent of Sarah Bernhardt?

Q Behind her Benda Mask, is Miss Swanson just a good business woman from the middle-west?

CAN a girl be herself with the world looking on? How can a screen star be sure she isn't kidding herself as well as her audience? When, in other words, to get right down to cases, does Gloria Swanson stop doing her stuff and begin being Gloria?

The answers to these questions will not be found here. The Swanson Clubs of the country might hold a national convention and decide it once and for all, except that it's really immaterial to them as long as Gloria wears a new coiffure in every picture.

So far, Miss Swanson has risen to the occasion. And in *Zaza* she does it again. According to the records, *Zaza* was French, and as far as we know, never wintered in the Fijis. With superb disregard, Gloria, or Gloria's hairdresser, has given *Zaza*, for some of her big scenes, a wondrous wig with a sparkling spangle suspended from each curl. Nazimova wore something like it in "Salome." It's an Aubrey Beardsley nightmare. Gloria glittered—diamond "Z's" around her neck, "Z's" in spangles on her arms, "Z" patches on chin and cheeks. There were no two ways about it—she was playing *Zaza*.

DOES Gloria BELIEVE It HERSELF?

By Delight Evans

Q Gloria and her destined-to-be-celebrated wig, as they appear in *Zaza* opposite H. B. Warner.





"I believe the modern flapper is more wholesome than her mother or grandmother," says Gloria. "The things they longed to do and dared not, she does naturally. She is herself."

How Zaza's Head-Dress Developed

ELINOR GLYN was not to blame for the head-dress. Neither was Sam Wood, who used to direct Gloria. Maestro Wood told Mary Eaton, who lately glorified the Follies and is at present illuminating Paramount's Long Island City factory, and Mary Eaton told me, that he couldn't see that head-dress at all. Gloria liked it. Her red mouth curled around her little pointed teeth. She has been told, by Glyn and others, that she

One of the Parisian backstage scenes of Miss Swanson's "Zaza."



is reminiscent of Sarah Bernhardt. Especially when she throws her head back.

It was one of those massive Allan Dwan sets. Ever since "Robin Hood," Mr. Dwan has been doing things in the grand manner. "Zaza" apparently held forth in settings that would have pleased, in point of size, a medieval monarch.

Background of Follies Girls

LOVELY young things, presumably from the New Amsterdam, stood about waiting to be called.

Gloria, ensconced in the stellar chair, was surrounded by visitors—Fay Bainter, from the stage; a South American official's spouse, breathing rather heavily; miscellaneous admirers. Hands on hips, La Swanson rose and confronted Madame from Buenos Aires—or was it Chile?

Gloria has no vague voice. It is snappy Chicago-ese, untroubled by acquired inflections. Madame's daughter wished to go into the movies. Her father wouldn't hear of it.

But—"Oh, mother," pleaded daughter, "please let me try."

"That," nodded Gloria, "is just what I said to my mother."

"Really," cried the relieved lady, "isn't that wonderful?"

The substantial South American's permanent rave was kindly but firmly succeeded by an Ohio censor. Zaza had little in common with him. I am sure it was not his fault.

(Continued on page 104)



LILLIAN and DOROTHY GISH.
By ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



REX INGRAM
BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

From A. M. To P. M. IN HOLLYWOOD



Morning

- | | | | |
|-------|--|-------|---|
| 6:00 | 5,782 extra players awaken. | 10:30 | 47 excursion buses leave for new real estate tracts with 759 passengers and 8 prospective buyers. |
| 6:30 | Milk-wagon horse refuses to climb Whitley Heights. | 10:50 | 25 sight-seeing buses leave for "free trip to the oil fields" with 45 stock salesmen. |
| 7:00 | 192 directors awaken. | 10:59 | Weary bootleggers start on their rounds. |
| 7:01 | 191 directors go back to sleep again. | 11:00 | Lasky assistant director is sent in search of Pola Negri. |
| 7:15 | 349 alarm clocks serenade 349 assistant directors. | 11:02 | Goldwyn gatekeeper checks in Mickey Neilan. |
| 8:00 | 1,831 extras report for work. | 11:15 | All film executives reported "in conference." |
| 8:30 | 42 stars stir in their feather beds. | 11:30 | Title writer, who has been thinking all morning writes "Came Dawn." |
| 9:00 | Goldwyn gatekeeper checks in Abie Lehr. | 11:45 | First hot dog sold at Venice. |
| 9:15 | First automobile accident of day. | | |
| 9:30 | First actor shows up at Armstrong's restaurant. | | |
| 9:45 | Lasky office boy is sent in search of Pola Negri. | | |
| 10:00 | June Mathis and Frances Marion complete first scenario of day. | | |

Noon

- | | | | |
|-------|---|-------|---|
| 12:00 | 3,678 pies ordered at Universal lunch counter. | 12:31 | Young girl from Clinton, Iowa, thinks she sees real actor and faints dead away. |
| 12:05 | Party of tourists from Clinton, Iowa, arrives in Ford and inquires way to nearest studio. | 12:35 | First section Overland train pulls in with 423 home-seekers, 18 travelling salesmen, 6 imported English authors, 71 writers assigned to "cover" Hollywood boulevard and 3 Californians. |
| 12:06 | Lasky director sent in search of Pola Negri. | | |
| 12:30 | 27 actors at Goldwyn studio ask Murphy to charge the lunch. | | |

Afternoon

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 1:00 | 55 actors at Armstrong's sign the luncheon checks. | 2:30 | Carl Laemmle decides to spend another million. |
| 1:15 | All male members of Writers' Club adjourn for game of pool. | 2:45 | 78 divorce decrees granted. |
| 1:16 | Women scenario writers return to work. | 3:00 | 77 more marriages. |
| 1:30 | 127 ex-plumbers sign up at a motion picture talent bureau. | 3:05 | Bootlegger admitted to exclusive country club. |
| 1:31 | Government reports labor shortage. | 3:15 | Jesse L. Lasky starts in search of Pola Negri. |
| 1:35 | Another "second Valentino" is given the air. | 3:30 | Ambulance rushes down Boulevard. Excitement. |
| 1:50 | Street railway inspector notes uncrowded cars reaching business district. | 3:31 | Automobile with movie camera follows. More excitement. |
| 1:55 | Street railway corporation cuts down number of cars 11 per cent. | 3:33 | Crowd gathers. |
| 1:57 | Second hand Ford dealer sells 175th car of day. | 3:34 | Police reserves arrive. |
| 2:00 | Lasky studio manager sent in search of Pola Negri. | 3:35 | Automobile accident. |
| 2:15 | Cecil B. De Mille shoots first scene of day. | 3:36 | Crowd disperses. |
| | | 4:00 | Six movie ingenues adjourn for ice cream soda. |
| | | 4:15 | Pola Negri reports for work. |
| | | 4:30 | Pola Negri quits work. |

(Continued on page 99)



Besides being a frequent contributor to the fiction magazines, Miss Hall is one of the best known writers on motion picture topics. She is an author of decided sparkle and vivacity.

GLADYS HALL

IS THE SCREEN AFRAID OF SEX?

By Gladys Hall

WHY is the screen afraid of sex?"

We put the question naively.

Laughter.

Mocking, magnificent and ironic laughter.

Petrova speaks with the poniard of irony. When she writes she dips her pen into vitriol and veracity. When she laughs the heathen gods awake and shudder and the powers of darkness slink away, their tails between their legs.

Traditions Do Not Shackle Petrova

SHE is brilliant, ruthless and relentless. Bogies do not jump at her from sentimentally shadowy corners. Superstitions do not shackle her nor traditions hamper her.

We said again, more timorously, "Why is the screen afraid of sex?"

"IS it?" she asked. More laughter. And before our mind's eye came scenes from here and there which must have sent the youths and maidens of the great towns and small hell-bent for the park benches.

"Still," we protested feebly, "there's less of it now than there used to be in the flaming films gone by."

Which same Madame admitted.

The High Point of Sex

"AH, THAT is probably true" she said, "some time ago I saw a very well-known picture made by a famous director, who shall be nameless in the interests of discretion. In that picture a scene occurred the



"There are two ways of looking at sex," says Mme. Petrova. "One person will say Sex and will mean innuendo and sensuality. Another person will say Sex and will mean frankly what he says."

MURAY

equal of which for sheer ribaldry I have neither seen or heard of since. At that time I said to my companion in the theatre. 'This is the high point of sex on the screen. They can go no farther.' It has evidently proved to be so

"Possibly a reaction has set in. I do not see very many pictures and therefore cannot constitute myself as an infallible judge, but it is quite likely that there has been a reaction and that with this reaction the screen will revert to putting skirts on the piano legs and valances of lace and tulle upon the nude statuettes.

The photoplay shuns the facts of sex and whets the appetites of curiosity mongers with fiction of sex, says Mme. Petrova.

Afraid of the Reality of Sex

"THE SCREEN is, however, afraid of the reality of sex. It will tear rents in the skirts covering the piano legs, but will not remove them. Result: an urgent and persistent curiosity regarding these factual and not always lovely objects." (Con't. p. 103)



*Shattering Illu-
sions About Our
Dear Stars is
Hollywood's
Favorite Indoor
Sport.*

HOLLYWOOD hasn't any Follies, nor a Woolworth Building. Ethel Barrymore wouldn't shed a tear if she never saw the City of Angels again. Third, and even fourth musical comedy companies try their pitiful best to please at the Mason Op'ry House. And they do say it takes a year for a style to travel from Fifth Avenue, east, to Seventh Street, west.

But—

And it is around that "but" that Hollywood carols gleefully. For, my dears, Hollywood boasts that it is THE film capital. Its secrets are as safe with us as with a broadcasting station.

Hollywood inhabitants are the only and original star-leggers—willing to exchange 'em for any illusions you may have.

Imagine saving all year for one look at that storied place, Hollywood! And then—

You are the envy of all Duluth when you announce your plans. You are actually going to see Gloria Swanson—for didn't *Fan Fare* show pictures of her strolling down Hollywood Boulevard, buying the evening pork chops, and trundling Gloria II? Perhaps Charley Chaplin will ask you for a match!

The carefully buttered publicity has been carefully digested in your town, however. You know, for instance, that some of the stars aren't a bit better looking than the local gals. And you have been warned that all that moves is not movies.

But—again that volume-speaking "but"—that isn't the fourth of it.

All Hollywood, and your friends in particular, are

"Do you use rouge?" the interviewer asked Miss Ayres. "Why paint the lily?" responded Agnes.

only too eager to play that tireless game "un-hokuming Hollywood" for you.

BURSTING BUBBLES

By Mildred Doherty

You get off the Santa Fe Limited, with your handbag and your happy illusions. You leave, a withered wretch, minus all the illusions you brought and a few you didn't know you had.

Hollywood, thy name is Heartbreak!

The Old Hokum!

"ISN'T Viola Dana too lovely for words? And that won-der-ful Bill Hart!" you exclaim.

"Cowbells!" choruses Hollywood.

"And, oh, please, could I see naughty Barbara La Marr in a dope den or something? Just slumming—" apologetically.

"Apple sauce!" the chorus barks.

And so they go—out of the ardent fire of your imagination, into the frying pan of heartless Hollywood—all your little illusions. Believe me, they are panned, all right.

The old cardiac regions get the greatest knock-out when the open secret of Hollywood is told within this orange-walled city.

Rudy Won't Vamp!

VALENTINO is no lover!

There! What's more—Rudy hates the very word sheik.

An ex-Metro star is said to have given Rudy a broken wheel made of lilies after a beach party with him. That was before either of his marriages, of course.

A week and you are in the know. You can write home with suavity about Claire Windsor's wig, and Larry Semon's doubles.

Then There's Alice Terry's Hair

ALICE TERRY'S hair is really brown-black, as any blase citizen can tell you. A disappointment? At that, Alice is twice as sensitive about her ankles as her hair.

Another Broken Blossom

KATHERINE McDONALD, the favorite of Former President Wilson, Former Husband Malcolm Strauss, and Current Husband Charles Johnson, is another broken blossom when it comes to living up to her publicity. Let me hasten to explain—not in the line of beauty. She's really lovely. But about those wondrous advertisements, claiming she got that way by using X's cold cream, Y's powder, and Z's corn cure.



Alice Terry wears a wig—even in private life. This, however, is the wig she adorns in "Scaramouche"

Katherine is a Scotswoman, who scorns expensive emollients and perfumes, and goes in for a certain five cent brand of soap, and plenty of city water. She has a marcel only when the script calls for one, but then she gets only \$50,000 a picture.

When Katherine dies she can tell St. Peter the last number in her savings.

Louise is Comely and Clever

LOUISE FAZENDA has disappointed many a hopeful tourist. The uncooked truth is that Louise is a comely young lady who reads D. H. Lawrence, and rides in limousines, keeping the broken shoes and the wheelbarrow only for celluloid gymnastics.

I know of one hopeful lady interviewer who came to Hollywood, determined not to have her cherished fancies about her favorites squelched.

The Film Intelligentsia

HER FIRST interview was with Agnes Ayres. It had been bruited about that Agnes had (Continued on page 95)



"He Stole the Picture!"
is the one Glorious
Phrase in all Screen-
dom—Famous Thefts
from Charles Ray to
Ernest Torrence.

THESE are dark days for the Arrow school of actors and the seminary of golden curled actresses. The character player is darkening their doorsteps with a vengeance.

Time was when a perfect profile or a baby stare meant a well nigh sure road to celluloid stardom. Those days have gone forever. The public is actually demanding that actors act!

Not so long ago, the Hollywood press agents put on a party and invited many guests, at five dollars a head. To entertain the guests, the press agents trotted out their prettiest stars of both sexes. And after Herbert Rawlinson and Anita Stewart and William Desmond and Pauline Garon and J. Warren Kerrigan had smiled and dimpled over the footlights, who do you suppose carried off the greatest round of applause?

Ernest Torrence, the demon "heavy" of *Tol'able David* and the memorable scout of *The Covered Wagon*.

And the cheers that greeted Torrence symbolized the new public taste. Which undoubtedly accounts for the frequency with which character actors have "stolen the picture" in several recent big productions. We want acting, and the man who can give it to us,

Dial Patterson ran away with several hits in Richard Barthelmess' productions during the past year. Judging from this camera study, we can't understand why Dial plays character roles.

GRAND LARCENY

BY EUNICE MARSHALL

be he hero, villain or 'comic relief,' is the man for our money.

To "steal a picture," in Hollywood parlance, is to carry off acting honors away from the star. Such dramatic larceny is the end and aim of every actor that is worth his salt. But the star could be arrested and put in jail for life for what he thinks of the proceeding!

That Robber Torrence

ERNEST TORRENCE is a notorious bandit, when it comes to stealing a scene right out from under a star's nose. Remember how he stood out as the central figure in *The Covered Wagon*? He wasn't supposed to. He was only a scout, a subordinate character. He wasn't pretty and he hadn't shaved for weeks. And as for the "sex appeal" that the exhibitors swear by, he had about as much as Bull Montana. But every spectator that saw the picture went home to tell about the old plainsman who got so deliciously drunk, and perhaps quite forgot to mention anything about the two leading characters, Lois Wilson and J. Warren Kerrigan. Quite right, too. Lois Wilson was sweet and gentle, but she missed the chance of a life-time to act, and Kerrigan wore what was apparently a self-cleaning, white doe-skin suit and looked as pretty as a new red wagon, but that was all. The real actors in the picture were Torrence, Tully Marshall and the little chap who "chawed tobacco" so manfully.

But, speaking of Torrence, reminds us of his first success. He snapped into fame with his unregenerate bad man of *Tol'able David*, that classic of the Virginia hills in which Richard Barthelmess starred. Torrence didn't run away with *Tol'able David*, Barthelmess is too able an actor for that. But he did put himself across with a smash.

Wallace Beery's "King Richard"

WALLACE BEERY had wronged innocent young damsels under the blistering Kliegs for many years, before Douglas Fairbanks saw that he was something more than a "heavy." So it was a delightful surprise to the public to view Beery's superb characterization of the roystering *Richard the Lion-Hearted*, in Fairbanks'



Three notorious gentlemen bandits of the silver-sheet: Malcolm MacGregor (above), Ernest Torrence at the left and Wallace Beery below.



Vera Gordon "ran away" with "Humoresque" and started a vogue of mother pictures.



One of the most famous thefts: the hit of Charlie Ray in "The Coward."



Robin Hood. In fact, he was so good that, if rumor is true, as occasionally it is, Douglas sharpened up the scissors and operated on that film in the privacy of the cutting room. It's all very well to have one's supporting actors good, but it's not necessary to have them *too* good, you understand, Mawruss!

A Hebrew Mother Machree

YOU saw *Humoresque*? Of course. Everybody did, and loved it. But did you realize that one of the most flagrant instances of grand larceny was being enacted before your eyes? Vera Gordon was happily engaged in stealing the picture right away from the outraged Alma Rubens. And she did such a good job of it that the exhibitors put her name up in electric lights instead of Alma's.

The success of *Humoresque* precipitated upon us the flood of "mother" pictures. Up to this time, screen mothers had been all very well as atmosphere, handy to have around and all that, but they mustn't get under foot when the young lovers got into action. Vera Gordon showed them that a mother's place is right in the spotlight.

Walter Long Did It, Too

STEALING a picture away from such a popular actor as the late Wallace Reid was quite a feat, but Walter Long accomplished it. It was in *The Dictator*. Walter Long, as the hard-boiled taxi-driver who followed Reid clear to one of the banana republics to collect the money the latter owed him, proved himself to be a comedian utterly wasted as a "heavy." The scene where he was arrested by a company of militia, marched up against a wall to be shot, at the last minute reprieved and all unconscious of his fate, remarked to the staggered soldiers: "Well, so long, you fellers. When I come back, I'll drill you some more," stands out as one of the funniest scenes the writer has ever giggled over.

There was no danger of Long's name being put up in electric lights instead of Reid's. Wally was too universally beloved for that. But he did get a great deal of comment, both from the press and the public. We would like to see more of Walter Long in comedy roles.

Enter Rosa Rosanova

WHEN Goldwyn cast *Hungry Hearts*, it chose Helen Ferguson for the (Continued on page 102)

In the oval—George Hackathorne, a dangerous member of any cast. In silhouette, Sid Chaplin, who, they say, burns up "The Rendezvous" with a personal hit.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

WHAT do you think of this issue of SCREENLAND? In it you will find a number of writers new to SCREENLAND.

Delight Evans, for instance. One of the cleverest—and youngest—writers in the whole field of motion pictures.

Robert E. Sherwood, associate editor of *Life* and motion picture editor of *The New York Herald*.

Harriette Underhill, motion picture editor of *The New York Tribune* and a sparkling writer on the photoplay.

Grace Kingsley, the motion picture editor of *The Los Angeles Times* and one of the best informed authorities on motion pictures in the very capitol of picturedom.

Gladys Hall, the versatile and unusual writer on the silent drama and the people behind the screen.

THESE writers will continue to contribute to SCREENLAND. And—to this list—will be added the best contributors on motion picture topics in America. Such writers as Helen Starr, Alma Whitaker and Eunice Marshall will continue to contribute to SCREENLAND.

SCREENLAND is to be the young magazine of the screen—fearless and unafraid, untrammelled by precedent and radical in its ideas about the world of celluloid. With the best writers in all filmdom contributing to its columns, SCREENLAND will be the one magazine of personality in the entire field of motion picture magazines.

SCREENLAND points with especial pride to its department of reviews, conducted by Frederick James Smith, the leading authority on the cinema in America today. Mr. Smith, who is also the editor of SCREENLAND, shaping its policies, was managing editor of *Photoplay* until he re-

signed to accept the editorship of SCREENLAND.

You can count upon frank and unbiased criticisms from Mr. Smith. Better turn now to his review of the past screen year in this issue.

What are the Ten Best Pictures Ever Made?

SCREENLAND is interested in finding out the ten best motion picture plays ever made.

To secure an accurate idea of the real ten milestones of the silver-sheet, SCREENLAND has asked the foremost authorities in motion pictures in America to name their ideal list.

The next issue of SCREENLAND will present the results of this canvass—together with a tabulated list of the ten photoplays receiving the most votes.

Watch the November issue!

PICTORIALY SCREENLAND will be the most attractive magazine of the films. The foremost photographers in this country are now taking pictures exclusively for its pages.

THIS month you will find such distinguished art contributors as Everett Shinn, John Held, Jr., and Wynn among the pages of SCREENLAND. The next issue will find such famous artists as Oscar Frederick Howard and Ray Van Buren added to the list.

SCREENLAND's covers stand alone. The greatest cover artist in America is making them—Rolf Armstrong.

IN brief, the new SCREENLAND will be built upon the theory that the motion picture needs a magazine of youth. The field crowded with Merton magazines, with their purring, bla-a-interviews and cheese-cake criticisms. SCREENLAND believes that the time has come for a magazine to treat of the screen lightly, through the eyes of youth.

THERE will be nothing old, antiquated or ponderous about the new SCREENLAND. It will be a live magazine of personality dealing with live personalities in the one walk of life in which the romantic lure of the gypsy still remains.

ABOVE all, SCREENLAND will strive for humor. It will direct its appeal to the sophisticated. It will be vigorous, young and unafraid of anything or anybody.

YOU'LL enjoy the movies more if you read SCREENLAND.

We Want YOU To Write For Screenland

SCREENLAND realizes that it must be in direct touch with its readers.

It must have the pulse of the public.

To reflect this accurately, SCREENLAND wants you to write for its columns.

Beginning with an early issue, SCREENLAND will conduct a department consisting of the best contributions of its readers. Every contributor will be paid for his work—according to the importance of the contribution and its individual merit.

But contributions must be interesting and they must be constructive—besides having ideas. Don't be afraid to say what you think about the screen and its players—in your own way.

Address your letters to THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX, SCREENLAND, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.



Perfect behavior at orgies: All the guests should fall gracefully into reclining attitudes.

Advice to Mothers

ALL MOTHERS whose sons are away from home should keep a lamp burning in the window. On Christmas Eve, a candle should be substituted. The mother should arrange, on this holiday, to be seated at the old organ singing. When the door opens she should not turn—it might be only Santa Claus. But at the word "Mother" she should allow her hands to fall slowly from the keys, and should respond, "My son." White hair, a hurt expression, and a skirt which sags slightly should always be worn.

Young mothers should neglect their kiddie for Society until the little one falls ill and cries feverishly for "Mummy." She should then come running home in her evening gown and kneel beside the little bed to gather baby in her arms and murmur, "I'll never, never leave you again." At these words the little fellow is restored to perfect health and confidence and pats Mummy's cheek with his hand. This is Mummy's cue to break down and have a real good cry.

Conduct for Kiddies

THERE are two kinds—rich kiddies and poor kiddies. It is the rich kiddie's duty to climb out of his bed in the nursery while nurse is asleep, and with his little white wooly lamb interrupt the big domestic scene down in the drawing room. He should take mama's hand and papa's hand and drag them together, smiling up at them through his curls. This invariably results in a reconciliation and kiddie being bounced on daddy's shoulder. The poor kiddie is an orphan; but he should learn to cry prettily and the Little Angel of the Slums will take him home with her and he will soon be a rich kiddie himself.

Rules Regarding Love

WHEN kissed for the first time, a girl should close her eyes. The second

Rule regarding the debutante—she should be surrounded by a mob of young men all trying to claim her attention.

AN OUTLINE OF Motion Picture Etiquette

By Delight Evans

Drawings by Wynn

time, she should give an ecstatic back kick, clutching her sweetheart by his coat lapels. The proposal should take place in a roadster parked in a flowery lane, in an old fashioned garden, or in the conservatory. One of the important points in any courtship is the chase from tree to tree. Girl should glance coyly back over her shoulder, and when she has dodged the tenth tree she should allow him to catch up with her and kiss her hands. This scene is played only by engaged couples.



U Any one who desires to behave properly in pictures should heed these words of advice. The screen has established its own code of morals and manners, and to succeed in its best society certain rules and regulations must be observed.

Perfect Behavior at Orgies

STRICTLY speaking, this is impossible. By perfect we mean, of course, correct. Flowers will be scattered and paper caps distributed. Sometimes a swimming pool is provided for the guests. Care should be taken not to drink champagne from a slipper. Up-to-date orgies have a reigning beauty appear from a floral centerpiece and dance. The male guests should then toss jewels at her. An air of impressive hilarity must be obtained at any cost. To gain this effect it is generally necessary for all guests to fall gracefully into reclining attitudes. Otherwise your audiences might not guess that the orgy has been a huge success.

Hints for Big Business Men

PRACTICE is required to give just the right touch to the examination of the ticker tape, the alighting from your motor, the chewing of cigars, and presiding at directors' meetings. Perhaps even more difficult is the scene at your desk when you sit there with bowed head groaning, "My God, I'm ruined." The pace up and down the office is a good thing to remember. It should be done slowly, one hand behind the back, the other toying with pince-nez. The pince-nez is also employed to advantage in a conference—tapping the chin with it has been known to change the entire course of events in The Street. Don't worry about your home life. You can always be detained at the office.

Private Lives of Actresses, Dancers, etc.

ALUXURIOUS apartment is absolutely essential, one with iron-grilled gates instead of doors preferred. No man should be permitted to cross the threshold. Don a negligee and begin returning the gifts admirers have sent you. You may keep the flowers, but pearls, bracelets, and diamond pendants must be returned. This will take up all your time outside of the theatre.

How to Behave at Tea

IT is quite all right for you, little girl, to go to tea in his apartment. Your poke bonnet will protect you. After the Japanese valet has been dismissed, your host will try to hold your hand. Snatch it away and run to the door. When you find it is locked, try to assume surprise. When



Rule regarding love: When kissed the second time she should give an ecstatic back kick, clutching her sweetheart by his coat lapels.

a knock is heard, run into the next room. In a moment you will hear a female relative's voice—it may be your step-mother, or your older sister, demanding to know where you are. In a minute she will join you—your father, fiancé, or brother has arrived. Clutch her hands until she leaves you to confront the men. As soon as the hub-bub dies, slip out quietly. Remember, a real lady always avoids scenes.

The Debutante

SHOULD be surrounded by a mob of young men all trying to claim her attention. She should laughingly shake her head at them and run off to another group of young men. Of late she has extended her activities somewhat—she lived her own life in Greenwich Village, smoked, went for rides in airplanes. But it is the earnest hope of all lovers of good form that she will soon return to the ballroom and be her sweet, simple natural self again.

Procedure at Country Places

ONLY those with appropriate wardrobes may aspire to social success in the country. Natty little sports costumes of velvet or georgette, trimmed with fur, for the girls;

(Continued on page 100)

C The famous comedians of the Follies invade the screen with a film comedy.

The Movies ? Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher ! Positively, Mr. Shean!

By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

WHenever anyone succeeds at anything, whether it be crocheting doilies, playing the piano, shooting a helpmeet or reciting verse some perspicacious person conceives the idea of putting him or her in motion pictures. If you are a him it is desirable that in addition to your other qualification you have straight shiny black hair. If you are a her it will help a lot if you have wavy blonde hair. But these are not absolutely necessary. The real thing is to have succeeded at something.

Now there's Gallagher and Shean. To New Yorkers that needs no addendum. "You're a celebrity, Mr. Gallagher, you're another, Mr. Shean," to put it in the well known rhythm which has made this pair famous. Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean have succeeded in making people laugh immediately at their verses which they chant each night at the Ziegfeld Follies. Whereupon Mr. William Fox immediately decided that they would be great on the screen. Whether he is right or wrong remains to be seen but at any rate the two versifiers are now hard at work in a studio built on top of one of Manhattan's tallest skyscrapers.

"Around the Town"

WE VISITED them there the other morning and watched them making their first picture which is going to be called *Around the Town with Gallagher and Shean*. For once the title of a movie will bear some relation to the picture itself. There is nothing so very original in *Around the Town with Gallagher and Shean*, but it is explicit.

And from what we saw of the shooting, and from what we know of the plot, the picture ought to be amusing and probably a lot of people will go to see what Gallagher and Shean are like who would not otherwise go to see what the

picture was like. That is why it is good business to become famous in almost any line. Somebody is sure to realize that the rest of the world would like to know how you look and will satisfy their curiosity if given a chance to look you over on the screen. Then that somebody will offer you a job in the movies.

Being a celebrity, Mr. Gallagher, along with his partner, Mr. Shean, has invaded the screen. Why? Because he's a celebrity. The films never reason why.



“O H Mr. Gallagher, oh Mr. Gallagher,
Do you like to work in pictures here all day?”
“Well, I think I’ll like it fine,
For I’m swinging right in line,
And I feel I’m getting Better Day by Day.”
“Oh Mr. Shean, oh Mr. Shean,
You’re a star, yourself, if you know what we mean;
And if Gallagher’s half as good
You’ll be where we said you would.”
“In the ash can, Mr. Gallagher?”
“In the Astor, Mr. Shean!”

For years Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean worked side by side or doing a “single” in vaudeville. If we remember correctly they once told us that their average wage in those times was \$40 a week. Now they must be making 100 times as much as that for not only have screen magnates realized their worth but they have drawn a token of appreciation from a newspaper magnate, also, in the form of a nice weekly stipend for allowing the story of their lives to be published or something like that. “Sweet are the uses of”—prosperity, with apologies to Mr. Shakespeare.

Working Atop a Skyscraper

MR. GALLAGHER and Mr. Shean are nice, friendly people who seem as pleased as children over the good fortune which has come to them. We found them up on top of this skyscraper, and the director, the camera man, the assistant camera man and the assistant director all rushed forward with the caution, “Don’t tell anyone where we are working, it’s an absolute secret.”

“But why must you work on top of the—of a building like this? Couldn’t you take these scenes in a studio?”

“That’s the idea, you see,” replied Mr. Gallagher.

“We are the world’s greatest detectives,” added Mr. Shean.

“And our office is supposed to be in a secret place high up in the clouds,” said Mr. Gallagher.

“As it really is,” added Harriette Underhill. For we were puffing from the last climb up two flights of stairs and one flight of ladder. The elevator dumps you out at the twenty-sixth floor and that’s two floors below the roof. The office of the world’s greatest detectives is built up still higher and is reached by a secret ladder. We do not care much for climbing and there would be even more room at the top than there is reputed to be now, if everybody was like us. We do not care much for mornings, either, and anyone who elects to be interviewed by us before 1 p. m. must take the consequences.

“You see by staging our office scenes up on top of the—a skyscraper, we get the whole of New York for a back drop,” said Mr. Shean.

“But don’t you know that in that way you are taking all the joy out of the life of the property man?” we said severely. “He loves to furnish painted drops showing the Singer Building and Trinity Church and he has a passion for designing Brooklyn Bridges a yard long and Leviathans which may be wrecked in a bath tub full of rocks and breakers.”

(Continued on Page 98)

Mr. Shean and Mr. Gallagher have been “shooting” their first screen comedy on top of a New York skyscraper. The skyline of the metropolis will be the real thing in the way of background.



SHE
COMES
FROM
IOWA



Would you believe that Hazel Keener was born on an Illinois farm? Certainly there is nothing bucolic about the accompany-camera study. But it's true. Hazel moved to Iowa and, at the age of seventeen, won a beauty contest. After that Hollywood was inevitable.



HIDDEN WEDDING RINGS

BY GRACE KINGSLEY

Film Brides Have Been Putting Mufflers on Their Wedding Bells

UNTIL recently, the best film circles considered it highly disastrous to combine a Career and Cupid—publicly. One's public must be considered, you know.

That is, this has been the case right up to the present moment. To be sure, it is fashionable to be married by ring and book, if you can have the ceremony performed up at "Pickfair," for instance as Marjory Daw and Eddie Sutherland. And since Rodolph Valentino owned up to his marriages without any loss in popularity, others are beginning to 'fess up about their nuptial adventurings. So little by little, coyly and with bashful blushes the brides and grooms are brushing the cobwebs off their wedding rings.

But in the old days, you would have thought there was something disgraceful in being married, the way these picture gels denied their marriages.

Louise Could Keep a Secret!

PROBABLY the prize long-term secret marriage of the bunch is that of Louise Fazenda. And yet they say a woman can't keep a secret!

PANEL

Louise Fazenda, winner of the prize for the long time secret marriage.

Louise Fazenda became a blushing bride some six years ago, when she ran off to Santa Ana and became the wife of Noel Smith, a comedy director.

Francis MacDonald Isn't Telling.

FRANCIS McDONALD is another screen person who owns a hidden wedding ring. He is really a very home loving man, even if he does play villains on the screen. Once upon a time he was married to Mae Busch. But Mae and he parted after about two weeks. McDonald went off a few weeks ago, and married Belle Roscoe, the divorced wife of Albert Roscoe, but somehow the fact never reached the public. Their romance began only a few months ago, though the two have been friends for a long time.

Are You Deceiving Us, Helen?

THERE are those who say that Helen Ferguson and William Russell have a couple of wedding rings that haven't been advertised. Bill and Helen have been even as Joan and Darby for faithfulness for lo, these many moons. Everyone knows they are engaged. And more than a few hint vigorously that there has been a giving and taking of rings. But both Helen and Bill deny it.

A very good job of covering up the wedding ring was done by Helene Chadwick when she married William Wellman. In fact, the world got quite a shock when it learned that Helene was not a flapper, but had an able-bodied husband. Billy Wellman is a director at Fox's, I believe. Now Helene is suing for divorce, charging desertion.

The Farnum-Rubens Match

FRANKLYN FARNUM and Alma Rubens were secretly married. The news broke in a Los Angeles newspaper a fortnight later—but they had already separated! So when

Miss Rubens telephoned Guy Price, dramatic editor of *The Los Angeles Herald*, asking him coyly to deny her marriage, Price printed this:

"Miss Rubens asks me to deny her marriage to Franklyn Farnum. She not only is married to him but she is separated from him, and divorce proceedings are about to be commenced."

Reginald Denny a Benedict

LITTLE is heard about Reginald Denny's marriage, but not because Denny wishes to keep it dark. I imagine that Universal believes that Denny's romantic appeal is greater as a bachelor. Denny has been married for ten years, to the same wife, and still likes her! He is really thirty, though his press agent proclaims him twenty-six years old.

Malcolm McGregor is married too, darn it! He passes for a bachelor in print most of the time, but is an ardent enough husband in private life. Romantic appeal, like the case of Denny, is probably the reason for the non-publishing of the bans.

Evelyn Brent's Marriage

ONE of the most interesting instances of a secret marriage recently was that of B. F. Fineman, the producer, and Evelyn Brent. The marriage was actually kept from the public for more than six months!

Of course, no account of California matrimonial events is complete without comment upon Pola and Charlie.

No, they're not married!

In fact, as we go to press, they're not even engaged. Which is as far as we dare predict.



Mrs. Louis Leon Arms and her daughter; otherwise Mae Marsh and the youngest o' the Arms family. Miss Marsh has just gone to the coast to play the star part in "Daddies."

BALL



The flashing success of Wynn in the field of humorous caricatures has been one of the sensations of the magazine world. Wynn has just returned from a year on the Continent and he will contribute his best future work to SCREENLAND.

WYNN

MURAY

THREE OF THE YEAR'S BEST FILMS: THE COVERED WAGON, DRIVEN AND BLOOD AND SAND



The SCREEN YEAR in REVIEW

THERE are any number of significant features to the screen year which closed on August 1st.

First in importance—superficially, at least—has been the avalanche of costume dramas. And the end is not yet in sight, although there is every indication of an overproduction of the romantic picture.

Of more genuine importance is the vogue of picture successes made away from the maddening studio. This we credit to the artificiality of our motion pictures in over-lighting, over-production, indeed, over-everything.

The third—and highly disastrous—element of the film year was the general slump of our directors. Only two or three came through the gruelling twelve months without at least one cinema disaster to their credit. It certainly was a bad year for the megaphone gentry.

An Interesting Year

ALL IN ALL, it was an interesting year. The silver-sheet came out of its slump and attempted many things.

The steady trend of romancism—the production of one

The Best Performances of the Year

1. Florence Vidor in "Main Street"
2. Ernest Torrence in "The Covered Wagon"
3. May Marsh in "The White Rose"
4. Emily Fitzroy in "Driven"
5. Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand"
6. Charles Chaplin in "The Pilgrim"
7. Emil Jannings in "Peter the Great"
8. Charles Ray in "The Girl I Loved"
9. John Sainpolis in "The Hero"
10. Myrtle Stedman in "Famous Mrs. Fair"

costume opus after another—was a curious thing. It dates back, as Mr. Robert E. Sherwood points out on another page, to the first presentation of Pola Negri and Ernest Lubitsch's *Passion* in this country in 1921. Up to that point there had been a positive belief that audiences did not want to see stories of another day. A curious theory—and yet it completely barred the romantic play from the screen until the German-made *Passion* proved its fallacy.

Immediately America launched into the costume field. One important element of the successful German costume pictures was

overlooked by most of our native producers. That was the fact that Ernest Lubitsch, in making *Passion*, *Deception*, and one or two other pictures, had succeeded in making his characters live. They were no mere cardboard folk sporting swords and wigs. Some measure of this ability to re-create the pulsating atmosphere of another day got into *Robin Hood* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. But there was much more of this fine spirit in *Peter the Great*, the visualization of the colorful life of the adventurer who founded the Russian empire.

INDIVIDUAL HITS WERE SCORED BY CHARLIE CHAPLIN, MAE MARSH, ERNEST TORRENCE, EMILY FITZROY, DICK



THREE OF THE SEASON'S LEADERS: ROBIN HOOD, THE PILGRIM AND SAFETY LAST



BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Artificiality of Our Films

WHILE American-made pictures have largely failed to catch the fine skill of Lubitsch in cutting deftly into one episode after another of a story, limning each with quick touches of mental and physical clash, they have unquestionably progressed far further in superficial technicalities. No foreign-made picture can approach our own in lighting, staging or photography. But this very perfection in technicalities has led our producers to worship at the feet of false gods. Each one of the three departments is overdone to the detriment of the story.

Our producers seem to confuse the magnitude of their settings with the bigness of their stories. All of which has led our screen into the blind alley of artificiality. We have been over-lighting, over-directing, over-acting and over-producing our silent drama.

This year saw the inevitable reaction. *Nanook of the North*, a picture made under the auspices of a fur selling firm and designed to tell—simply and directly—the life of an Esquimau family of the Far North, made an amazing success. It was different. In reality, it was far more than

The Twelve Best Pictures of the Year

1. "The Covered Wagon"
2. "Blood and Sand"
3. "Driven"
4. "The Pilgrim"
5. "Safety Last"
6. "Nanook of the North"
7. "Robin Hood"
8. "When Knighthood Was in Flower"
9. "Peter the Great"
10. "Merry-Go-Round"
11. "Where the Pavement Ends"
12. "Down to the Sea in Ships"

that. It was vital—and it wasn't overdone.

Away-from-Studio Hits

SOON after that *Down to the Sea in Ships* was released. This was a story of the whaling adventures of the '50's, made by a professional director, Elmer Clifton, but actually produced and financed by the very descendants of the old time whalers themselves, families living in and about New Bedford, Mass. The picture wasn't much on story, as it was screened, but it did show the hardy days of young America—and it had an "away-from-the-

studio" virility. It succeeded surprisingly.

Charles Brabin took a comparatively unimportant company of players into the Georgia mountains and made *Driven*, which if made in a studio, would have been just another moonshiner picture. But, shot far from railroads and hotel luxuries in the very cabins of its prototypes, it became a living thing. Besides experimenting with a slow tempo, Brabin made the picture for \$35,000 and came back to civilization with a fine contribution to the silent drama. It was another "away-from-the-studio" success.

BARTHELMESS, EMIL JANNINGS, THEODORE ROBERTS, MYRTLE STEDMAN, LAURETTE TAYLOR AND RAMON NOVARRO



WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER, WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS AND PETER THE GREAT WERE SIGNIFICANT



"Covered Wagon" Scores

THEN the prize picture of this kind appeared. It was Emerson Hough's *The Covered Wagon*. While everyone in motion pictures seems to be willing to take the credit for this epic photoplay, we strongly suspect it was a lucky shot—and nothing more. One of those chance successes that come once in a life-time. Director James Cruze was sent with a company to Utah to make this story, a romance in the midst of a covered wagon's tortuous passage across the plains from the outposts of civilization to the Pacific Coast. But the slender romance was swallowed up in the midst of the panorama of pioneer hardihood. The wagon train had stolen the center of the screen away from an ingenue, much as the French Revolution swallowed up the petty tribulations of the Gish sisters in David Wark Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*. History has a way of making mere humans seem very inconsequential. *The Covered Wagon* turned out to have epic sweep but we wonder, down in our hearts, what the studio staff thought of the picture when they first saw it in California. It is significant that two minor characters, a quaint scout of the plains, played by Ernest Torrence, and a sly old trader, portrayed by Tully Marshall, ran away with the production, along with the very personable wagon train. How many who see *The Covered Wagon* will remember much of the so-called "love interest"? But who will forget that wagon train, fighting its way westward? One of the amusing things incident upon the success of *The Covered Wagon* is the fact that producers look upon it as indicative of a revival of interest in so-called "Westerns." It has given Buck Jones and other celluloid folk new heart.

Game of Follow the Leader

SO WE are getting many Westerns, for the field of motion picture making is one of follow the leader. To this is due the many costume pictures. To this sheep reasoning, and the fact that a costume piece is a marvelous sop to the vanity and ego of an actor. Also to the fact that it gives a new outlet to a producer's propensity to spend money on big sets.

But to return to our actual selection of the twelve best pictures of the year ending August 1st, 1923. They are:

1. "The Covered Wagon"
2. "Blood and Sand"
3. "Driven"
4. "The Pilgrim"
5. "Safety Last"
6. "Nanook of the North"

7. "Robin Hood"
8. "When Knighthood Was in Flower"
9. "Peter the Great"
10. "Merry-Go-Round"
11. "Where the Pavement Ends"
12. "Down to the Sea in Ships"

The Girl I Love actually deserves a place in this chosen list of twelve and can well be included, dividing honors with one of those named above.

The Year's Best Playing

THE ten best performances of the year, to our way of thinking, were Florence Vidor in *Main Street* (although her playing of the title role of *Alice Adams* wasn't far behind), Ernest Torrence in *The Covered Wagon*, Mae Marsh in *The White Rose*, Emily Fitzroy in *Driven*, Rodolph Valentino in *Blood and Sand*, Charles Chaplin in *The Pilgrim*, Emil Jannings in *Peter the Great*, Charles Ray in *The Girl I Love*, John Sainpolis in *The Hero* and Myrtle Stedman in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*.

Second lists are always interesting—and our second list of twelve leading pictures would number: *The Bright Shawl*, *The Storm*, *Bella Donna*, *Grumpy*, *The Hero*, *Penrod and Sam*, *Enemies of Women*, *Mr. Billings Spends His Dime*, *Kick In*, *Fury*, *The Flirt* and *Timothy's Quest*.

And our list of the second ten performances of the year would be: Theodore Roberts in *Grumpy*, Richard Barthelmess in *Fury*, Florence Vidor in *Alice Adams*, Laurette Taylor in *Peg O' My Heart*, William Powell in *The Bright Shawl*, Nita Naldi in *Blood and Sand*, Tully Marshall in *The Covered Wagon*, Ramon Novarro in *Where the Pavement Ends*, Erich Von Stroheim in *Souls for Sale*, and May McAvoy in *Kick In*.

The Directors' Year

IN A directorial way, Fred Niblo and Rex Ingram alone

NITA NALDI, MAY McAVOY, ANNA MAY



INTERESTING EVENTS WERE MERRY-GO-ROUND, DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS AND NANOOK OF THE NORTH



showed any sort of progress. Griffith contributed two disastrous plays, *One Exciting Night*, a confused effort at thrill melodrama, and *The White Rose*, a hark back to the sob inducer of other days. If Griffith is to maintain his leadership of the American screen he must pause for time to get a sane perspective upon himself. Just now financial exigencies seem to rush him into one tawdry film effort after another. And the Griffith of 1923 doesn't seem to be the Griffith of five years ago, close to life. He is aloof and harried by circumstance.

Our list of the significant six directors would number Griffith, if only for his fine past contributions to the photoplay's progress, Erich Von Stroheim, Ernst Lubitsch, Mack Sennett, Rex Ingram and Charlie Chaplin.

Von Stroheim started *Merry-Go-Round*—but didn't finish it. Yet there was enough left in the finished film to give us a taste of this superb master of passion and intrigue, seen through sophisticated Continental eyes. We shall await his film version of Frank Norris' *McTeague* with high interest.

Lubitsch has been directing Mary Pickford in *The Street Singer*, as yet unrevealed to the public. Will he keep his fine command of himself in America? We shall see.

Mack Sennett Underestimated

SMILE if you will but we honestly think Mack Sennett is underestimated. No one in all screendom has made greater contributions to the screen than Sennett. He has developed the one branch of the screen which, if we may indulge in a pun, stands upon its own legs. It isn't an imitation of the stage, literature or anything else. It is in the production of film farce that the silversheet has alone achieved individuality.

Chaplin is the genius of this field, of course. And his *The Pilgrim* was a rare thing of comedy. Yet Chaplin is more than a maker of laughs. His first serious drama,

A Woman of Paris, on which he has been working for months, ought to be highly significant.

Rex Ingram lapsed with his directorial orgy, *Trifling Women*, and then made a step ahead with his production of John Russell's *Where the Pavement Ends*. This last was not only a sympathetic camera drama—but it enmeshed the strange lure of the South Seas. That alone was a triumph.

Niblo's "Blood and Sand"

FRED NIBLO did two very excellent photoplays, his visualization of Ibanez's story of the bull ring, *Blood and Sand*, and James Forbes' study of a certain phase of American life, *The Famous Mrs. Fair*. Two widely different things—and yet both well done. We wouldn't be surprised if some of the praise for *Blood and Sand* rightly belongs to June Mathis, who so materially aided the rise of Rex Ingram, but, even so, Niblo deserves his superlatives. *Blood and Sand* had color and swiftly unswerving movement in telling its story of the peasant lad who became the matador idol of all Spain.

The other directorial leaders weren't so successful. Cecil De Mille seems to be steadily losing his grip. His *Adam's Rib* was an awful thing of its kind. Marshall Neilan doesn't take his work seriously. He is losing because he doesn't care. Allan Dwan seems to have been more injured by *Robin Hood* than anything else. His efforts since have been engulfed in massive sets. King Vidor, once so promising, seemed to hark back to his ideals with *Peg O' My Heart* but to slip again with *Three Wise Fools*. Hobart Henley revealed flashes at Universal during the year. Under difficulties, too, we suspect. John Robertson has temporarily linked his artistic fortunes with Richard Barthelmess. Their *The Bright Shawl* had charm, if little virility, but their *The Fighting Blade*, a story of Cromwellian days not yet released, has both. Herbert Brenon has been disclosing his fine ability, even with inadequate materials, at Famous Players. Maybe his *The Spanish Dancer*, with Pola Negri, will give him his opportunity.

The Shrinkage of Stars

THERE has been a shrinkage of stars all along the line. The meteoric rise and legal eclipse of Rodolph Valentino was the big histrionic event of the year. Valentino proved that he was a fine actor with his matador in *Blood and Sand*, and gave the part color, passion and a breathless touch of brutality. It was a stark and palpitating performance.

The biggest advance of the year was made by Harold Lloyd. There is no bigger box (Continued on page 88)

WONG AND CHARLES RAY DID FINE BITS





The Ben Ali Haggin tableau, "The Triumph of Venus," is an interesting cuticla display in the Ziegfeld Follies. But suppose the films tried this! Just suppose!

WHITE



WHITE

And
YET
THEY
CENSOR
THE
MOVIES



GEORG

At the left, Ethel Kenyon, 'one of the cutest of the Winter Garden flappers' in "The Passing Show of 1923." Here the costumes are frank, to say the least. Above, Margie Whittington, one of the beauties of the Ziegfeld Follies.



WHITE

Above, the now famous "living curtain" in George White's Scandals of 1923. Save for property foliage, the girls are absolutely devoid of anything but tan and a smile.



SCHWARZ

Mae Daw, another charmer of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Vera King is one of the attractions of "The Passing Show of 1923" at the Winter Garden. A glance at her portrait will make you understand why.



WHITE



OUR OWN NEWS REEL

Culver City, Cal.—
The minor players of
the Marshall Neilan
Company while away
moments between scenes
with little Ila Anson
doing "Hot Lips" as an
interlude.



Los Angeles, Cal.
—Hazel Keener,
who is the dancer
in Maurice Tour-
neur's "The Brass
Bottle," displays
her brand new
bathing suit.



Los Angeles, Cal.—Holding hands but nothing
serious, y' know. Agnes Ayers and Casson Fergu-
son at the Lasky call board.

Rye Beach, N. Y.—
Charming Zena Keefe
and her playmates in
their radio canoe. The
girls—left to right—
are Alyce Mills; Sadie
Mullen, our own Zena,
and Lucy Fox.



Berlin, Germany—Betty Blythe in a scene of "Chu-Chin-Chow," now being shot in the German capital. The sheik is Jameson Thomas, an English actor.

Invermere, British Columbia.—
Seena Owen tries
out a new pair of
snowshoes between
scenes of "Unseeing Eyes."





Los Angeles, Cal.—Three brains at work on a single story, "Rita Coventry." The brains (from left to right): William de Mille, the director; Clara Beranger the adapter; and Julian Street, the author.

Hollywood, Cal.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in training to eclipse his illustrious dad. Doug, Jr., by the way, is highly proficient in the art of self-defense.

Astoria, Long Island — Between scenes of "His Children's Children," with Director Sam Wood explaining things to the principals: James Rennie, Mahlon Hamilton, Mary Eaton and Bebe Daniels.





On the California Sand Dunes.—A blase burro surrounded by Charles de Roche, the Rameses II of "The Ten Commandments," and Leatrice Joy; who plays the girl of the modern theme in the same production.



Los Angeles, Cal.

—Something new in bathing attire, the "Tango Togs." The wearer? of course you recognize 'em. You're right. Phyllis Haver. The "Tango Togs" are highly popular along the Pacific.



Los Angeles, Cal.

—Herbert Brenon (not visible) has selected a pretty woodland dell for this scene of "The Spanish Dancer." The embrace consists of Antonio Moreno and Pola Negri.



We have been taught to expect fine things of Victor Seastrom. His greatness was first heralded by the pictures which came before him from Sweden. These pictures were made by a master mind.

A BLACK-ROBBED figure, its youth and strength subdued to stately step, heads a solemn procession through the cold austerity of an English courtroom. The moment is fraught with intensity, for this young man—the newly-made deenster—is to sit in judgment on a girl accused of killing her illegitimate baby. Out of all the world, only the girl and the judge know who the father of that child is.

The courtroom is crowded with spectators eager for details of the sordid tragedy. The girl, white-faced and cold in the extremity of her terror, has steadily refused to speak the name of her seducer. She has not faltered even though she knows that that seducer is the judge whom the prosecuting attorney is forcing into a pronouncement of the death sentence.

Back of this great dramatic conflict stand the minds of two men. One of them is Sir Hall Caine, who first created the situation in his "The Master of Man." The other is Victor Seastrom, the director who is transferring that novel to the screen for Goldwyn.

Depends Upon the Director

IN THE hands of a weak man, the story could become merely a melodramatic sequence of fights, rainstorms, ranting villains, and noble heroes. Under the guidance of a certain loud-mouthed director—incidentally my pet personal aversion—I can easily imagine the girl's trouble resulting from a cafe drinking party in which three hundred and fifty extras

NEW HOPE FOR THE AMERICAN PHOTOPLAY

BY

Constance Palmer Littlefield

blithely stick confetti down one another's necks and thirty-two scantily-dressed Follies girls languish in the middle of the cleared dance-floor, thereby giving the exhibitors the pesky "big set" which he demands.

But we have been taught to expect better things of Victor Seastrom. His greatness was first heralded by the pictures which came before him from Sweden. These pictures were made by a master-mind. They sounded truly and surely the sombre note of tragedy which deepens and strengthens the great symphony of life.

American producers and American audiences—which one is the cause and which the result we cannot say—have made of life a fairy tale of Cinderellas and happy endings finally punctuated by the last fade-out clinch. Producers say exhibitors demand these abortions, and exhibitors in their turn say they are prompted by the public which supports the box-office.

Public Demanding Realism

THE public—as far as can be judged from letters received by SCREENLAND and other film magazines—is slowly but surely rousing from its passive acceptance of things as they are, and is demanding a true reflection of life.

There is every reason to believe a great, thinking, earnest public exists. But, unfortunately, this public never puts pen to paper in the interest of motion pictures. It is the same public which has tamely allowed certain laws to be foisted upon it.

In the mad dash for ducets, the producer aims to make pictures which will at one and the same time please Flossie Bright-eyes and an old man with a long white beard, a professor and a cook, a lady and a scrub-woman. Obviously, it can't be done.

But in Victor Seastrom lies hope. Since his coming to us from Sweden, he has been instrumental in organizing the Little Theatre movement of the screen. It is related to motion pictures much as the Theatre Guild is related to the theatre.

Is Victor Seastrom, the Swedish Director, a New Force in Our World of the Cinema?

Little Theatre Film Movement

THE aim of the organization is to provide, through existing little theatre groups, university dramatic societies and women's clubs, a practical release for those artistic films which cannot find a place in the commercial theatre," its announcement states.

The first film scheduled for release by this organization is "Mortal Clay," a picture which Seastrom made in Sweden.

The movement is still in the process of formation. It is independent in that one studio contributes no more toward it than another. Yet it so happens that practically every large company contributes one or more of its big names to the list of sponsors.

For instance, Rex Ingram, Ernst Lubitsch, Hugo Ballin, Paul Bern and Rob Wagner are a few of the men interested. Outside the industry, the Federation of Women's Clubs for Southern California, the Juvenile Protective League, the Friday Morning Club and the National Board of Review all sponsor the cause.

High Purpose of Idea

THOSE who have investigated the purposes of the Little Theatre movement in pictures have every faith in its ultimate success. With these brains behind it and its first release "Mortal Clay," it will have a good start on the road. Once started, all it will need is support—yours.

The editor of SCREENLAND wired me to ask Mr. Seastrom for his views on "What is the matter with American photoplays?" But after talking with persons who knew the director well, I decided that discretion was the better part of valor. He is, it seems, very bashful with interviewers and very reticent in his expressions of opinion



Victor Seastrom on location with his "The Master of Man" cast. This was taken while Joseph Schildkraut was still a member of the company. Later Conrad Nagel succeeded him. Elsie Bartlett, Mrs. Schildkraut, can be seen sitting in the foreground while Schildkraut is sitting on the platform.

regarding American films. The method of approach, therefore, had to be roundabout.

I found him in the stone court-room I have described. He is a tall man, strongly built. His eyes are typically Nordic blue—the blue of the winter sea, and his voice, soft now, gives suggestion of great strength and volume. In fact, latent strength is the keynote (Continued on page 83)



Victor Seastrom and his cameraman, Charles Van Enger, "shooting" a scene of "The Master of Man."



AN exotic lounging robe from old Canton lends piquancy to Claire Windsor. It is of heavy grass silk, the foundation color being of cool lemon yellow, while the squares are batiked in orange.



GRENBEOUX

MARY BETH MILFORD (above) is wearing a navy blue and white sport suit, the coat of which is half cape. With this Miss Milford wears a white felt hat trimmed with navy blue. Grey suede pumps and grey stockings complete the ensemble.



AT the right Carmel Meyers may be seen adorning a new and striking bathing suit designed principally for beach strolling.

Autumn & Milady's Fashions

BULL



BALL

MAE BUSCH shows a plain ermine coatee of decided charm. The dress is of blue and gray silk brocade and the band of fur which forms the hem is also of plain ermine.

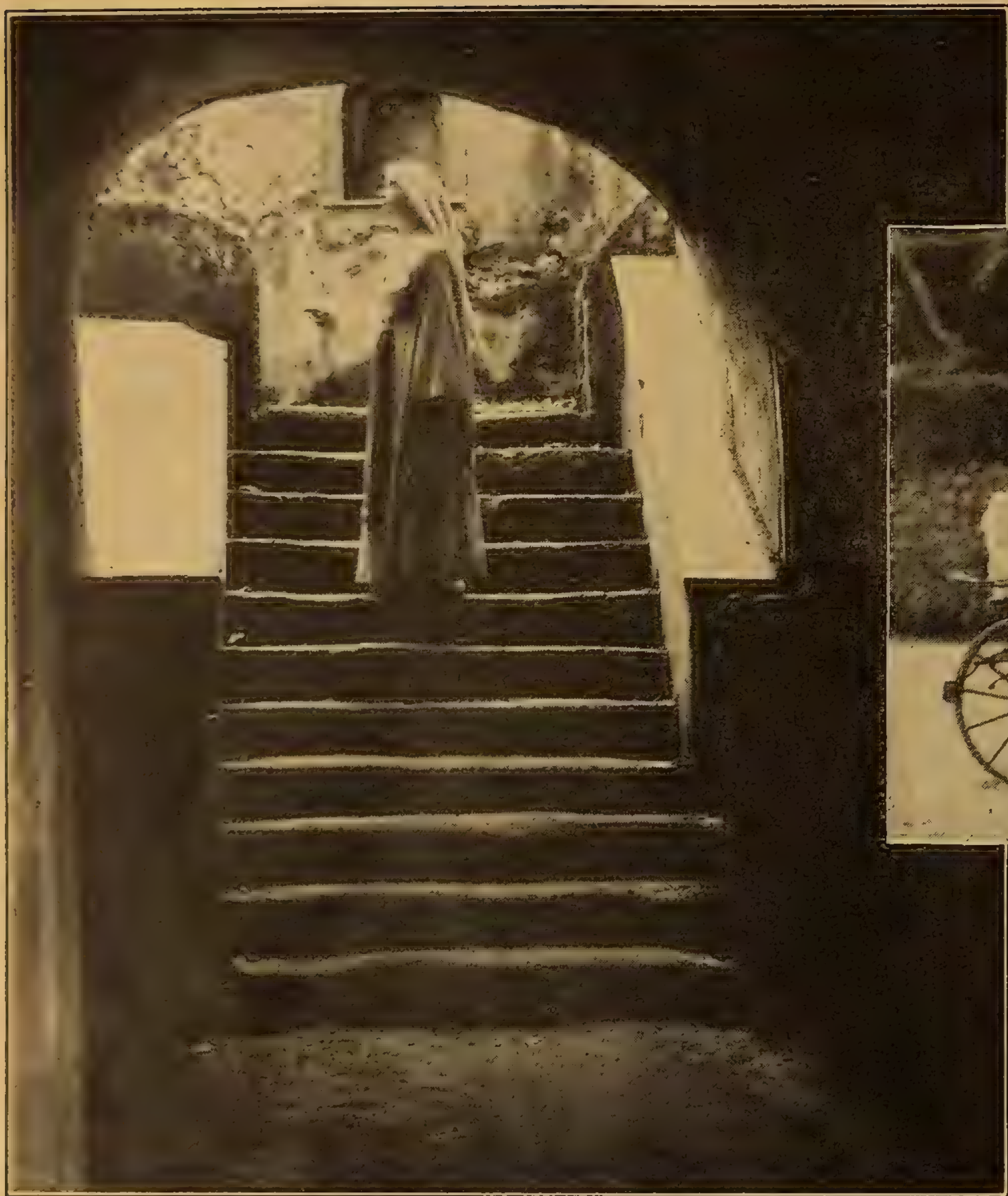


GLORIA Swanson—wearing a cape of unusual novelty, combining a Jersey-knit and a collar of mantilla lace.



BALL

AT the left Carmel Meyers reveals the newest thing in California seaside coats, now all the rage along the Southern California beaches. It is a "huppie," or Chinese coolie coat, made of rice fibre and cotton—not too cool when the wind blows, nor too warm when the sun shines.



UNDER
Italian
SKIES

Lillian Gish recently spent nine months in Italy filming the late F. Marion Crawford's novel, "The White Sister." Herewith are three scenes from the tragic romance of the ill-starred heroine. Miss Gish has returned to Rome to do George Eliot's "Romola"—with her sister, Dorothy, playing a leading role.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABBE

☞ *The public dearly loves to sympathize.*

SORROWS for SALE

By Anne Austin

IF CERTAIN motion picture people now in the limelight were to advertise in the classified sections of the newspapers, their bid for business would read like this:

For Sale: Sorrows. Nationally advertised, guaranteed to bring tears and sympathy. Seller, realizing enormous publicity value of the great tragedy which has marred his life, offers his sorrows to the highest bidder. Address Hollywood, Box, 23, P. D. Q.

Sorrow is the most salable commodity in the world of film and hokum. For sorrow is the woof and warp of hokum.

The public dearly loves to feel very sorry for someone, to see in the flesh or in the film the person for whom it is sorry. Of all our emotions, we enjoy our sympathy, our vicarious grief, the most. The public never loved Wally Reid so well in life as they did in his heart-breaking death. So its interest turned to Mrs. Wallace Reid and it was natural that she would be approached by motion picture producers with starring contracts. She had a sorrow for sale. No doubt high motives actuated

Jean Acker, who has capitalized the sorrow market — by headlining vaudeville bills and using her former husband's name.



EVANS



Mrs. Reid when she made *Human Wreckage*. She wanted to save other fellow-creatures from the agony which poor Wally suffered.

There are rumors that little Bill Reid will be put into pictures. No doubt his mother has been offered contracts. Bill would be a good bet for the same reason that Mrs. Wallace Reid was a sure-fire box-office attraction. And to add to his sales value, Bill—called Bill plainly for all the five or six years of his life, by both his mother and dad—Bill has had his
(Continued on page 94)

Mrs. Wallace Reid, whose "Human Wreckage" is a bid for public sympathy, and her son, Wallie, Jr., together with her adopted daughter, Betty. Little Wallie may enter pictures.

Three
Big
Screen
Moments



Douglas Fairbanks as he will appear in his new spectacle, "The Thief of Bagdad." Doug promises that the new Arabian Night romance will outdo the magnitude of his "Robin Hood."



An interesting moment in Cecil de Mille's production of "The Ten Commandments"—with Theodore Roberts a dignified Moses.



Herbert Brenon seems to have achieved a superb screen moment in his production of "The Spanish Dancer." Pola Negri is the poignant figure on the steps.

STARS IN EMBRYO



Cowgentleman from the vast, open spaces who believes he would make good in them he-man parts. He is now in the act of wondering if the Kaiser's shock troops could stand up to the 98-pound-on-the-hoof blonde who meets you in the outer office and asks your business.

The embarrassing-est moment of all! The extra gentleman thought he could make a hit with the gang by addressing the comedian by name. What looked like a comedian in makeup is nothing more or less than Mortimer Floode, the director, in his new golf pants.



The near-actress who has rushed all the way from Kokomo, Iowa, to make finer and better silent drama. And she has a correspondence school diploma to prove it. The casting director is retiring to his inner office to gaze upon said diploma.

By
Ted Rupert

One-tenth of one per cent of the daily crop of beauty prize winners. They toil not, neither do they spin, for the visible supply of beauties in Hollywood exceeds the demand by several thousand.



Two specimens of the boy who looks like Jackie Coogan. The profession of being a double for Jackie is preferable to some others, a cap and suit being the only capital required. There are never more than seven of them around any one studio.



Young gent trying to crash the studio gate. He is deciding that the average gate man possesses fewer brains than the law allows. The vocabulary of this particular one is sadly limited. It consists entirely of "No."

The Listening Post

THE avalanche of costume drama is on! D. W. Griffith's next production will be a big spectacular drama of the American Revolution.

Richard Barthelmess is going to do a big special in the Spring. It will present the tragic story of Nathan Hale.

Marion Davies is now well into her new costume picture, "Yolanda," at her New York studios.

And there are dozens of others in preparation.

Divorce in the Air

AS SCREENLAND goes to press there seems to be some doubt in Paris to whether or not Irene Castle is divorced. Cable reports indicated that divorce proceedings had been started in Paris but, upon her return from France, Irene declared that there was nothing to it! So there you are!

However, Elsie Ferguson *did* get a Paris divorce. That's that.

Day of Best Sellers

PRODUCTION is at its height in that portion of the motion picture industry located on the West Coast. Best sellers are being bought for the screen; plays dickered for, and even—oh, unprecedented!—here and there an original story is being filmed.

It is really surprising how leary the astute producer is of the innocent, unassuming little original story. "Has it ever been published?" asks the high and mighty one of the trembling author. "N-no, s-sir," gasps the intimidated one. "Well, I can't look at it until it is. Any magazine will do, just as long as it's in print."

The bewildered wretch stumbles off, not knowing the whereof of which. But by and by he learns the reason. It's because the chooser of motion picture stories does not trust his own judgment—he must first have the product stamped with the approval of another brain.

An interesting example of this is the story which Marshall Neilan has just finished filming. It is called *The Rendezvous* and was written by Madeline Ruthven, a Texas girl. She came to Los Angeles from a Dallas newspaper, intent upon gaining a foothold in some lucrative scenario department.

To make a long story short, after months of effort, she took a stenographic job in the Lasky scenario department. Here she learned every bit of knowledge there was to know about the actual construction of photoplays. By and by—but not nearly so easily as that—she evolved *The Rendezvous* which in due course of time was returned from practically every studio in the business. Then Marshall Neilan saw it, and Marshall Neilan does not need any one else to tell him when a thing is good.

And here's the sequel—Mrs. Ruthven kept right on at her secretarial job at Lasky's for some months. Promises were made her, but nothing materialized until about ten days ago, when she was made an assistant editor.

Yes, dears, it's a hard, uphill pull, this movie business. Don't let

One reason why California is popular. The beaches are warm the whole year 'round—and any day you may glimpse Sigried Holmquist on the beach.



By CONSTANCE PALMER LITTLEFIELD AND EUNICE MARSHALL

'em tell you the streets are paved with gold—good intentions is more like it.

Gulliver's Travels

KING VIDOR has had a clear enough vision to see the wonderful picture possibilities in *Gulliver's Travels*. He says that all his life he has wanted to film it, and he is delighted that at last he is to have a chance. As soon as he finishes *Wild Oranges*, from the novel by Joseph Hergesheimer, he will stamp Gulliver on celluloid. He says,

"I believe there is a crying need for more imaginative and fanciful productions on the screen. Our growth has been retarded by our worship of realism. Most people get their fill of realism in their own lives and they seek escape into the realm of imagination for their entertainment. The cinema is ideally suited to portray fantasy and myth."

Think how the kiddies will love the giants and pigmies—how they will revel in Gulliver's adventures! And how the grownups will enjoy the splendid satire of Swift's fairy tale!

Searching for Paul

ELINOR GLYN, one of the most interesting figures of the literary world, is to venture again into the motion picture field. Her first experience—not a very happy one—was with the Famous Players-Lasky company. It has never been quite clear just what the trouble was, but Mrs. Glyn returned to England shaking the dust of pictures from her feet.

But when most generous offers were made for the purchase of her dearest brain-child, with every assurance of co-operation on the part of the company, she could

not find it in her heart to refuse. And so *Three Weeks*, which has almost become a classic—so widely has it been read—will become a motion picture the latter part of August.

The cast of the picture will be small, and necessarily Mrs. Glyn is bending all her energies to picking actors and actresses who are ideal types. There are many rumors afloat as to the heroine. Theda Bara and Aileen Pringle seem to be the runners-up so far.

Picking the hero is even harder. The author favors a stalwart Englishman, name so far unknown, who she thinks is the ideal. But insofar as she is unknown to the public, Conrad Nagel—who is also a popular choice for the part—seems more logical.

Carmel Myers Entertains

CARMEL MYERS, who is the lady-villain of George D. Baker's production of Balzac's *The Magic Skin*, gave a luncheon at the Goldwyn studios in honor of Daniel Frohman, President of the Actors' Fund. Mr. Frohman is in Los Angeles to promote the interests of this charity.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, George D. Baker, Conrad Nagel, King Vidor, Rupert Hughes, Josephine Quirk, Carey Wilson, Gilbert E. Gable, June Mathis, Mrs. Myers, Mae Busch, Herbert Howe, George Walsh and Bessie Love.

By the way, Bessie and Carmel used to be chums in high



A perfect day in California. A sea breeze, the soft music of the waves, the warmth of the shifting sands—and Alma Bennett. Particularly Alma.



Pola Negri reads her director's fortune. The interested director is Herbert Brenon. Pola, by the way, found a lot of ominous cards when she tried this on her former director, George Fitzmaurice.

school ten years ago. They went into pictures at the same time, and played together in *The Flying Torpedo*—with Bessie the heroine and Carmel the disturbing element. However, though they remained as close friends as ever, they were never cast in the same picture again—until this summer when, in *The Magic Skin*, Bessie is the heroine and Carmel the disturbing element.

Nagel in Real Estate

SPEAKING of Conrad Nagel—he's been bitten by the fatal californiā real estate bug. The attack, though severe, promises to be lucrative.

He owns two ranches. The first comprises 40 acres planted to watermelon, honeydew melon and cantaloupe, and is valued at \$65,000. This he will subdivide and sell five lots to the purchaser with the admonition to build residences.

The second ranch extends over 25 acres of ground and is covered with orange trees. As it is situated closer to the business section Conrad will subdivide it and build apartment houses thereon.

Schildkraut Moves

THE MASTER OF MAN, now being filmed by Victor Seastrom from the novel by Hall Caine, started out originally with Joseph Schildkraut as leading man. After several weeks' work on location, the daily rushes revealed the fact that Mr. Schildkraut looked too—well, too— Yes, that's it. So they put Conrad Nagel in his place, and retook all the shots in which Mr. Schildkraut appeared.

Lila Lee and Kirkwood Marry

HERE'S news hot off the wire! Lila Lee and James Kirkwood are married. The rumor of their engagement had been bruited about Hollywood for some time, but was firmly denied by all parties concerned. Personally, we're just a little bit puzzled about it, because not so long ago Mr. Kirkwood and his wife, who have been separated a long

time, were said to be reunited. I suppose it's just a case of not being able to believe what you read in the papers.

Tommy Meighan Back

THOMAS MEIGHAN arrived the other day from his umpty-steenth trip hither from yon New York. He says he really prefers to travel because one meets such nice people on the train! He will start almost immediately on *Woman-Proof*, another

George Ade Story. Lila Lee will be his leading woman.

Doug, Jr. to Do His Stuff

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. is about to start on his first motion picture. It is called *Stephen Steps Out*, and is taken from a story by the late Richard Harding Davis. In the cast supporting him will be Theodore Roberts, Harry Myers and Noah Beery. Quite a lot of high priced support for one young feller!

Name Changed Again

WILLIAM DE MILLE has again changed the name of *The Faun*, which he has been making into a photoplay from the William Faversham stage success. The preceding title was *Spring Magic*. Now it is *The Marriage Maker*. If Mr. de Mille doesn't watch out, he will run Norma Talmadge a close second as a title changer. Only no one could beat Norma when it comes to terrible titles! Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt are the featured players of *The Marriage Maker*.

Louise Fazenda

LOUISE FAZENDA has been given a long-term contract by Warner Brothers whereby she will play straight roles. By the contract she will virtually become a star, although a provision is made enabling her to go on immortalizing her inimitable slavey characterization.

Hale with Warners

CREIGHTON HALE started August 20th in a picture, as yet untitled, directed by Ernest Lubitsch. Creighton has two children and three brothers. The three brothers are all officers in the Navy. One is a commander, another a lieutenant-commander and the third a lieutenant. The two kidlets are also in the Navy—as much as they can be. The eldest wears an officer's uniform and the youngest that of a gob!

Speaking of Engagements

LILLIAN TASHMAN, that decorative young lady of stage fame, is in Los Angeles as the guest of the parents of Edmund Lowe, well known stage leading man who is playing *Don John* in *In the Palace of the King*. I'll bet they're engaged!

Mary on Goldwyn Lot

MARY PICKFORD come over to Culver City to pay Abraham Lehr and the Goldwyn lot a little visit the other day. Immediately all the publicity hounds were out with their cameras, and all sorts of rumors ran rife. Now what significance had the visit of Mary?

Did You Know That

ROScoe ARBUCKLE appears before you in *Hollywood*, the James Cruze production for Lasky? When *Angela*, the heroine, tries to find work at the casting window of one of the big studios, she turns away hopelessly to give place to a gentleman of generous proportions. The casting director takes one look at that rotund countenance and slams the window shut. Although they do not tell us so, the actor is none other than our own Roscoe—more power to him! Watch for him, you fans who have been hungry for sight of that genial face.

The Motion Picture Exposition

THE Motion Picture Exposition, celebrating the Centennial of the Monroe Doctrine, was expected to be an affair that was going to make the San Francisco exposition look like an Elks' minstrel show in Paducah. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the hip, and we regretfully announce that the exposition was more or less of a flop.

The exposition was held on a huge park, very beautiful to look at in the evening, when the colored domes of the buildings gleam under the electric lights. On the opening night, tickets were ten dollars apiece. The visitors paid and paid and paid, and when they got past the eagle-eyed guardians of the gate, they thought at first that all they had purchased was the right to go in and spend more money at the Owl drug

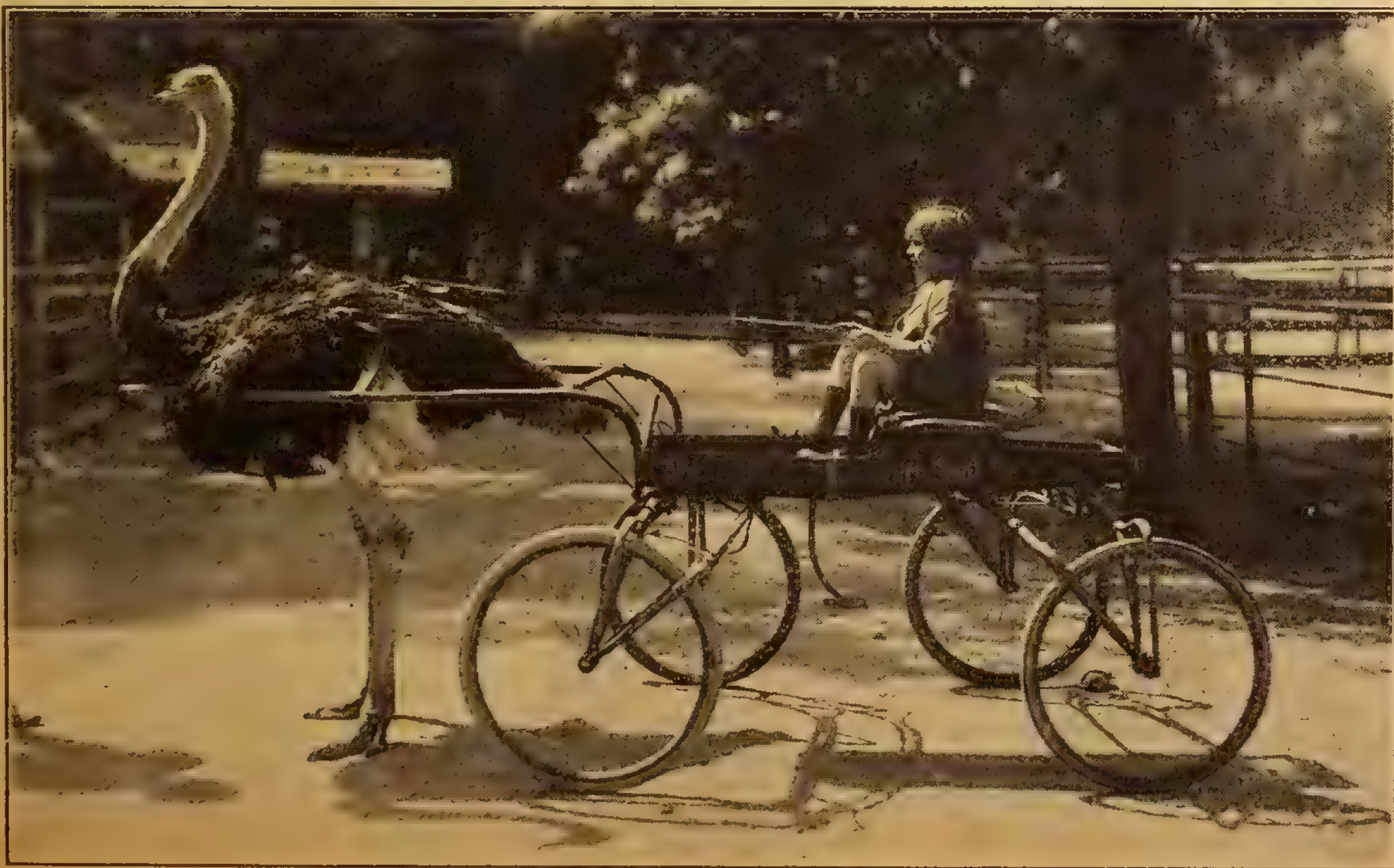


A chic glimpse of Carmelita Geraghty, daughter of the redoubtable Tom Geraghty and now making a name for herself at the Goldwyn studios.

store booth, at Brandstatter's cabaret, and at the other booths scattered around the grounds. But later they found their way to the Coliseum, where a three-ringed circus was going on, punctuated by the exhibition of stars, driven around the arena in their motors to be stared at by the tourists.

Fred Niblo, the noblest master of ceremonies of them all, announced them. He worked hard, did Fred, that night. In fact, he got a greater amount of applause than any of the stars, especially when he introduced his wife, Enid Bennett, with the remark, "This is Enid Bennett, and I think she's sweet!" She looked sweet, too.

Last year, under the supervision of Daniel Frohman, the picture people put on an outdoor-performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which was enormously successful. Never will I forget Charles Ray as *Thisbe*, nor Viola Dana as a hard-boiled little *Puck*!



Although Jackie Coogan prefers his toy motor cars, he was persuaded to try out this bit of rolling stock at the Pasadena Ostrich Farm.



Mary Pickford paid a visit to Abraham Lehr, vice-president of Goldwyn Pictures, the other day—and started all sorts of rumors.

A Family Affair

PICTURE making is getting to be more and more a family affair. Now Natalie Talmadge Keaton has announced her intention of supporting her husband, Buster Keaton, in his next feature comedy. And to make the family circle complete, Baby Joe Keaton, a little more than a year old, is to have a part in the picture, too.

A Sacrifice for Art

ANNA Q. NILSSON had a wealth of lovely blonde hair. We hope you notice the tense. She had it. She hasn't any more. When they cast Anna Q. for the leading role in *Ponjola*, she at first thought she could wear a man's wig when she came to the sequences where she would have to doff skirts for male clothes. But the realism wasn't perfect, so Anna Q., like a heroine, marched into a barber-shop and ordered, "Cut it short and shave my neck." By the way, *Ponjola* isn't the heroine's name, as you might think. It's Rhodesian for "hooch."

Louise Presented Cup

LOUISE FAZENDA had a new job wished on her out at the Ship cafe, at Venice, the other evening. She presented a silver cup to the pair of best dancers on the floor. And although a number of screen players contested, the winning dancers were non-professionals.

Harry's Life Story

IT'S STYLISH to get the biographies of stars for studio records, now. They gave Harry Myers a blank questionnaire the other day, and here is the way he filled it out:

Name: Harry Myers.

Born: Yes.

Lived: In luxury until I was weaned. Since then it's been a devil of a struggle.

Educated: At all saloons north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Pets: Directors, stars and cameramen.

Father's profession: He hated work, too. Just a good talker.

How entered films: Had something on Lubin, Laemmle, Beaumont, Lasky, and Warner Bros., and unless I get some work for Louis Mayer soon, I'll pull one on him.

Company: Do you mean who I go with?

(Signed) Harry Myers.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

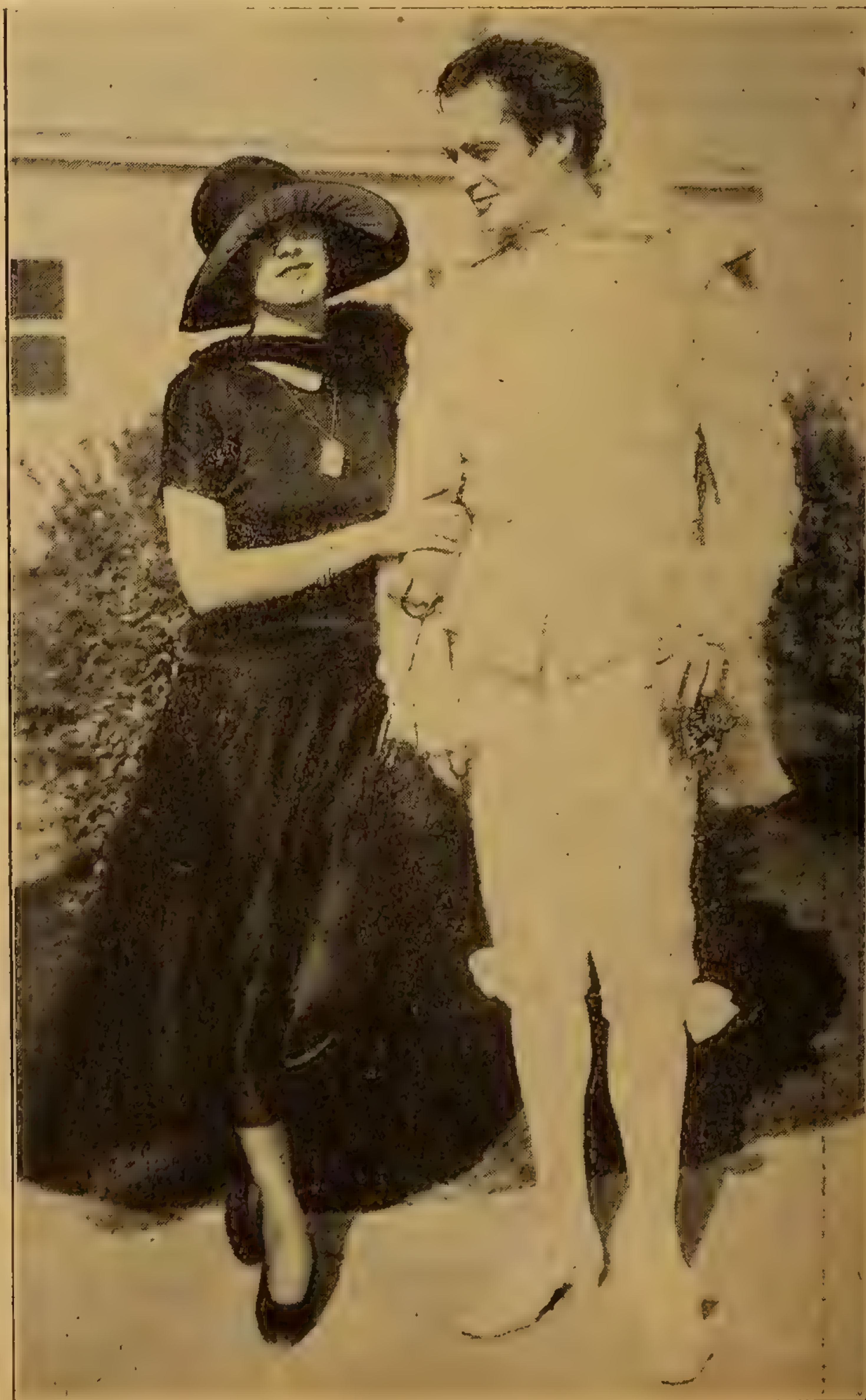
BABY PEGGY is a famous star and all that, but she has to mind her p's and q's. Her mama is very anxious to keep her little girl surrounded by the best of influences. So she was rather up-set when her baby came home from visiting her auntie at a week-end party for grown-ups at the beach the other day. Mrs. Montgomery wanted to know if the host had said grace at dinner.

"What did Mr. B—— say, dear," she asked.

"Oh," said Peggy, "he said, 'We'll be seated now.'"

"And then what," pursued mama.

"He said," Peggy answered, "'never mind putting too much orange juice in it!'"



Lillian Tashman paid a visit to Edmund Lowe at the Goldwyn Studios and the rumor of their engagement was revived. Mr. Lowe is the Don John of *In the Palace of the King*.

The Hollywood Exodus

THEY'RE coming back, all of Hollywood's little film pilgrims to the wicked shores of New York. Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis Lloyd are back from their honeymoon in Gotham, speaking in awed tones of the wonderful time they had. Only the Follies didn't come up to expectations, with Will Rogers gone. For Will is in Hollywood, too, now.

Which reminds us that Will was one of the reasons that Harold Lloyd packed up and left Hal Roach, according to rumor. Harold had been having some friendly disputes with Roach over salary. But when Roach brought a rival comedian to the studio where Harold had reigned alone for so long, the dissatisfaction came to a head, and Harold took his doll rags and went over to the Hollywood studios. And took his whole organization with him.

Tommy Meighan is back, too. Again. It's hard to keep track of Tommy, he's back and forth so frequently. This time Tommy received all reporters at one fell swoop before leaving the big town, and entertained them in B. V. D's and black dressing gown, the while he threw shirts and socks into his bag. No, Ella-

belle, the reporters were all men.

Lila Lee is another prodigal who has deserted the bright lights for the Kliegs; Agnes Ayres decided that she was needed at home, too, so now Bebe Daniels is the only Paramount star still A. W. O. L., and the Paramount lot is looking less like a set for *The Deserted Village*.

George Ade, who came to the coast again to work on another story for his friend, Tommy Meighan, announced that Hollywood has progressed wonderfully since he was here three years ago.

"It then took two minutes to cross Hollywood boulevard, owing to the traffic," he said. "Now it takes five minutes."

Fatty in Germany

THEY aren't so fussy in Germany, and the censors
(Continued on page 86)

One of the first "stills" of the first Potash and Perlmutter production, with Barney Bernard, as Abe Potash, a very puzzled invader of the model's dressing room.



Rin-Tin-Tin, the canine movie star, gives a demonstration of high jumping at the Los Angeles Motion Picture Exposition.





SKY LINE EXERCISES

All you need for these exercises is a bathing suit and a roof. Dorothy Mackaill, by the way, runs away with a big hit in Dick Barthelmess' "The Fighting Blade."



Dorothy Mackaill utilizes the roof of her apartment building for her setting up exercises. Dorothy really doesn't need 'em. An English girl, she was one of the most popular of the Ziegfeld flappers. That was before she made her successful screen debut.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BALL



I lasted about twenty seconds. It was a trick horse. The rest you can guess. I landed a fall instead of a job.

Versatile Vera

"IF I can't do anything else when I get to Hollywood, I'll do extra work"—I'd like to bet that nine out of ten of you aspirants to movie fame have secretly admitted this to yourselves. But you little dream that what is demanded of us in extra work is ten times more than what is demanded of a star.

For one all too short period of my Hollywood career, I Ritzed about like a Jazz-Queen. Didn't I have a job at \$150 a week with Gilbert Tarryton? I did—for two weeks. But Nemesis still pursued me. The "Hell's Litany" company went broke and my contract was a scrap of paper. When I found myself outside the studio doors, well then—I jumped at whatever came my way.

One day a call came from Hope Hampton's director. Was there a girl at the Studio Club who could both sing and play the piano very well, and both at the same time? Anyhow, the job was wished on me. I reported at nine A. M. on Sunday morning at a little Victrola and music store on Broadway in Los Angeles. I was to be an "ivory tickler" who jazzed off popular melodies, chewed gum and sang—over and over again, the two or three hits of the hour. This sounds easy. Try it sometime.

I sang and chewed and pounded till I was dizzy, but I felt an utter failure that night. I needed the seven fifty they gave me for the day's work, or I'd have mailed it back. I knew I didn't make the grade.

Q. "Iris in" on Hollywood as the film folk know it.

FOOL'S GOLD

The Diary of an Extra Girl

The Diary Continues From February 1923

Could I Roller-Skate?

THE next day the Service Bureau wanted three girls to roller-skate. Again I was pushed in on the job. This time I had no fear, because as a child I used to neglect the higher branches to improve the lower limbs. Many a time and oft, have I "hookied it" from school to roller-skate around Mt. Tom on Riverside Drive.

So, forgetting the years that have intervened, I vowed to the director that I could skate. So I was promised three days' work on my glib assurances.

My first hours on those skates! Trying to look graceful, keep my balance, and talk naturally to the spectators made one of the most painful memories of my life. Again I barely made the grade. However, I now feel I must practice roller-skating several hours daily, so I won't feel a fool if ever (large if) another chance comes to do roller skating. I might be called on to double for a star, or I *might* be a star myself some day.

A girl I knew called me up and told me there was a great job coming up at Ince. Just a few girls to be used all through a picture in riding habits. She knew I'd get it if I went out all dressed up in a stunning habit. She had done this and had landed the job.

The next day the casting director called me up about this. He said,

"Put on your habit and come right out. I can promise sixty-five dollars a week for several weeks."

Scattering cats! All the money I could borrow in one's, two's and five's I gathered together, went forth and bought me a real riding habit—latest model, all wool; rented a taxi and drove in state to Culver City. They liked my looks. They led me to a path and helped me mount a horse. A trick horse. I lasted about twenty seconds. The rest you will guess. I landed a fall instead of the job, and I tore a large hole in my brand new riding breeches. They have never graced my girlish figure since.

Being a Bathing Beauty

ON THE strength of my accumulated debt I jumped at a call that very week to go to Santa Monica with a comedy company for three days' location. There we had to jump into barrels, into fake fishes' mouths, with our feet and legs sticking out, play leap frog, and last but not least, dive off a cliff—really quite a dangerous trick. I was utterly disgusted with life, myself, the jobs I'd been handed, and the people I'd been working with.

Generally speaking, I love movie people. As a class, they are as fine and real as any other people in the world. But this particular crowd didn't vibrate with me, nor I with them. So instead of going home with them when the work was over, I said I was going to visit a friend.

With my three days' checks in my pocket, to be cashed later, plus my car ticket and seventy-six cents, I started off walking down the board walk beside the ocean, thinking.

About an hour later I passed a fortune telling parlor—"Prisda, the Gypsy Queen." Now I must confess to a weakness for having my fortune told, so I stepped in and asked the "Gypsy Queen" what she could tell me for fifty cents. She led me into her mystic den, and instead of telling my fortune, we began to talk—of life, its battles, its heartaches, its victories, and its joys.

When I told her of my life, she said, "Why don't you stay here with me a few days? You can dress up as a gypsy. You can clear a few dollars. I'll advertise you as 'Vera, the Medium'—just here for a few days on her way to Roumania."

"Tella-a da Fortune, Lady?"

I FELL IN with the idea, with the same thrill I'd have had as a child at running away with a circus. Think of actually living with a gypsy queen!

But had I visited the Queen of Sheba, she could not have treated me more royally. I told dozens of fortunes. Several of the biggest stars in pictures came into our little booth. And I wonder, now that I am back in Hollywood, if the next time I'm working on a lot with some of them, they will recognize the mystic, seeing eyes of "Vera, the Medium."

Hollywood's Religious Complex

March 10, 1923.

THE newspapers and magazines throughout the country accuse Hollywood of all sorts of things. But I feel that Hollywood's greatest complex is a religious one.

There are many churches in this small community. Every other person you meet discusses science, truth, healing, demonstrations, the subconscious, or the particular Karma you are working out, until sometimes at night I find my head reeling with isms and ophies that I had never even heard of before.

And even in my film work, this summer, I've lived in a deeply religious, strictly orthodox, Biblical atmosphere.

I read the other day that ninety per cent of the High School children in New York City knew nothing of the Bible. I suggest sending them to Hollywood to enter the so-called "wicked world" of filmdom. Here at least, they will imbibe a bit of sacred history, just from extra work, or the constant talk about the *Pilgrimage Play*, or the open discussions on religion.

Here, no one is ashamed to profess his faith openly and ardently. Neither do we have religious martyrs. Tolerance is perhaps Hollywood's greatest crime.

Making Bible Pictures

I BEGAN early in June, working with the Sacred Film Company, in the episode of Sarah and Abraham.

We searched days and days, in scorching sand and through barren waste, to find the Promised Land.

It was there, oddly enough, that I met one of the real people of Hollywood. A carpenter who had been building the tiny hillside homes to be used as the setting for the great *Pilgrimage Play*. I was fascinated in the sketches he was making from colored prints of Bethlehem and Nazareth. We began talking, of course, and one day he took me with him up into the canyon where the work was going on. There, clinging to both sides of the narrow canyon, on the steep sides of the hills, were small, flat-roofed homes, just like the ones we had pored over together in the big library Bible.

Things come about in strange ways, and it was really through this new friend Davies that, about a month later, I got a chance to play the part of Martha in the *Pilgrimage Play*.

The Pilgrimage Play

FOR THREE summer months, the life of Christ is portrayed every evening. The performance takes place in the hills in a real natural theatre, and the audience, about fifteen hundred in number, sits at the foot of the hills, on the sloping floor of the canyon.



John the Baptist rode to rehearsals on a motor cycle.

The entire play is handled in a reverential spirit. But to be in the *Pilgrimage Play*, and possess a sense of humor, is to be handed a laugh a minute. And surely the Lord loveth joy.

John the Baptist on a Motor Cycle

THE FIRST thing I laughed loudly o'er was the approach of the man playing John the Baptist. Can you imagine the "Voice crying in the desert" riding on a motor cycle? Well, "John" did. He attended rehearsals and performances at the risk of his life, approaching in breakneck speed on a snorting red motor cycle.

Then suddenly someone would call out to me—

"Martha, if you go down the street, bring Herod and Caiaphas a couple of eskimo pies."

Another remark oft heard was,

"Lazarus, have you got a Lucky Strike?" or "Pilate, give me a stick of gum."

St. Peter Will Be Waiting

ONE DAY, during the run of the play, I was working in a picture in the daytime, and the gate man on the lot came to me with a baffled expression on his face, and said,

"There is a strange man outside—he sent this message: He says to tell you St. Peter will be waiting at the gate for you in his Ford to take you to the performance tonight."

When the demoniac boy left before the season was over, we all chipped in to buy him a cigarette case.

Six Maids and a Man

April 4, 1923.

DAME FORTUNE'S daughter has clamped her hands heavily upon us Extra girls, lately. Not a call from any of the agencies. Not even a promise of work at the studios.

The portals of the "Land of Make-Believe" seem locked and bolted for at least three months. Everywhere the office boy would say,

"We are not casting today."

This threw a great gleam of gloom upon us. So one night, about six weeks ago, we held a debate in the attic of the Studio Club. Three held fast to the affirmation of the affirmative:

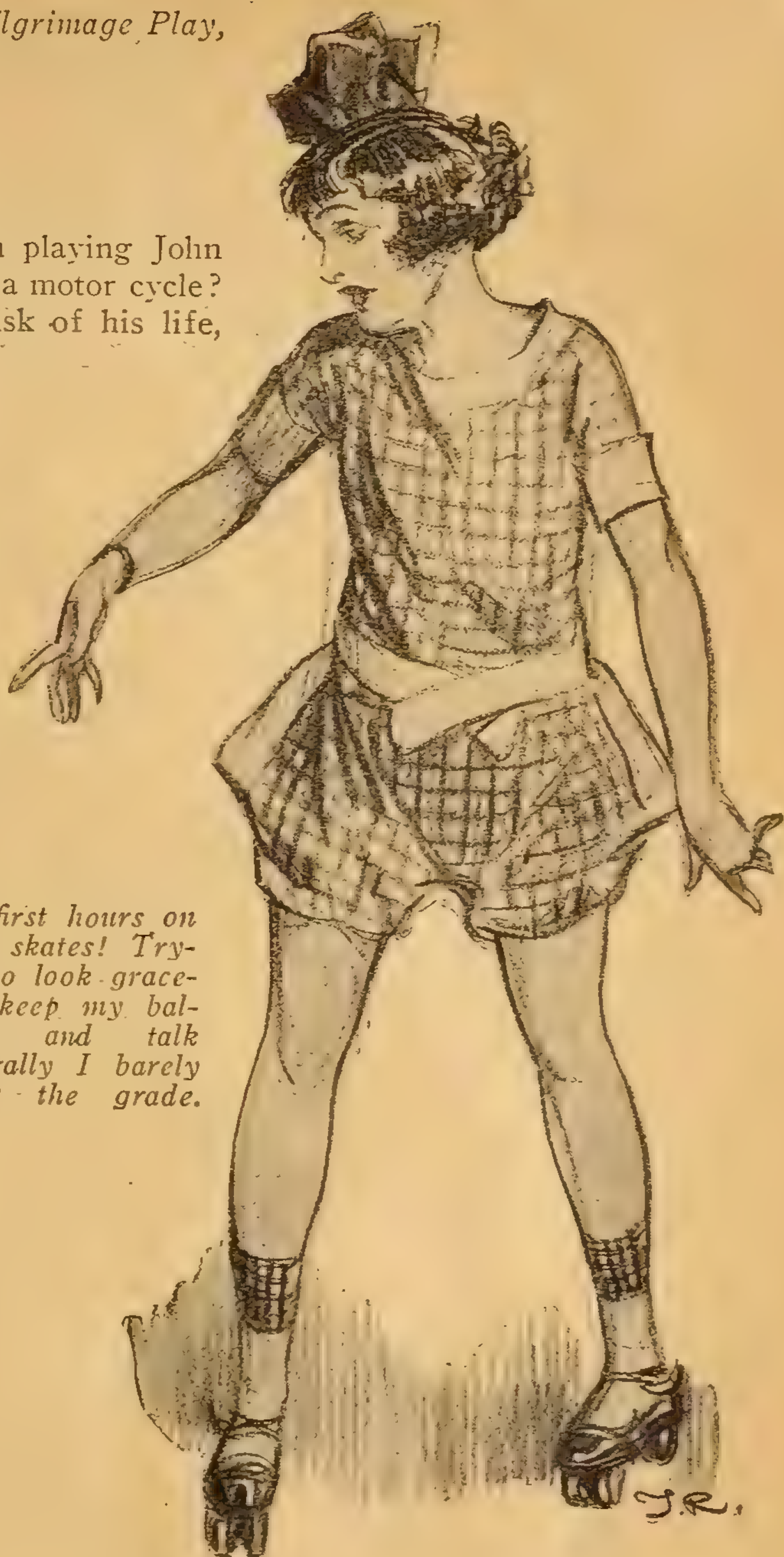
"It is worth while to struggle, suffer, and starve for Art's sake."

The negatives:

"It is selfish, stupid, and soul-slaughtering, to let Youth slip by on the quicksands of the Film world."

It was about two A. M. when the debate abated. I saw Pat slip out of the room chattering with the cold, but grasping a pad and pencil. Babs followed her. We all felt the "muse was on."

Two hours later, when the other four of us, still wide awake and huddled together in one bed, were about ready to cash in on the whole movie game, Pat entered the room and demanded our undivided attention. In two hours' time, seated on the side of the bathtub, she had written a short Vaudeville "Act," depicting the life of six girls in Hollywood, struggling for entrance into filmland. It fairly glistened with clever, witty lines. And Babs had, with the aid of a night light and a blunt pencil, written some adorable lyrics for three songs. Pat had a friend who could write jazzy music. We could think up some dances, and go storming into vaudeville with the act, while the studios were so dull, playing about on small time for a few weeks, and perchance be booked on Orpheum time later on. We felt we had a great message to bring to girls in the big cities and girls in small towns and hamlets, warning them against entering into this heart-breaking struggle



My first hours on those skates! Trying to look graceful, keep my balance and talk naturally I barely made the grade.

unless one had an herculean constitution, aided by the possession of at least one thousand shekles.

Rehearsing for Big Time

NEXT day rehearsals actually started and continued for many days to come. If you've ever tried getting anything ready for vaudeville, you know what hard work is put on things that are apparently dead easy. Pat was terribly strict about rehearsals. Glory used to tumble downstairs in exactly one garment, and the rest of us hadn't much more on, I must admit.

Booked at Last

WE tried to make each a distinct character, and true to our own type, and at last the Act seemed really whipped into shape enough for its "premiere." We managed to get a booking at one of the cheap little movie theatres at the Beach for two days, giving four performances a day.

I must tell you that our chauffeur on this and many succeeding occasions was none other than Davies, my old friend of the *Pilgrimage Play*. There are rare individual souls scattered here and there in the world, who give and give without a thought of receiving. Davies is one of them. His battered old Saxon (Continued on page 97)

Thousands of Dollars Are Wasted on the Altar of Ego.

Justifiable Waste.

THERE is wanton waste and economical waste, paradoxical as the latter may sound. Cecil B. DeMille has been an expert on making wastefulness bring in dividends. Did you ever see a C. B. DeMille picture that did not have at least one big scene that looked like a million dollars? You never did. There is always a great ball-room scene, or an expensive-looking bacchanal, or a historical flash-back with intricate and elaborate costumes. You whistle and comment, "Gee, C. B. certainly shot his wad on that scene."

The exhibitor reacts in just the same way. He sits in the projection room and mentally calculates how little he can buy the picture for. But expensive looking scenes impress him. He figures that he must expect to pay more for a picture that cost so much to make.

It is an error in economics to spend money that does not show. No matter if it is artistic, the lavishness must be as visible as the nose on the exhibitor's face. In Charles Ray's picture, *The Girl I Loved*, a whole farm was built on the studio lot, at enormous expense. But Charlie couldn't convince an exhibitor of the fact.

"Go on," the exhibitor would argue slyly. "Don't tell me that picture should cost me so much money. Why, you could shoot most of it out in somebody's cow pasture."

"More sincerity and less flashy ostentation" is the plea of the critics and the public, but the plea is not echoed by the exhibitors. And as the policy of pictures is often held in the pudgy hands of some ignorant, pig-headed exhibitor who firmly believes that what the public wants is something they have outgrown at least two years back, can you blame the producer for deciding in favor of ostentation?

Driven, on the other hand, cost something like \$35,000 to make. An absurdly small budget to make a picture on. Yet Charles Brabin did it, and his picture was acclaimed one of the finest of the year.

Economy did it. Brabin took his company up into the Georgia mountains. They lived the life of the mountaineers, in little cabins. Every expense had been figured out beforehand. Brabin knew almost to the foot how much film he would shoot. And he did not over-shoot.

Over-shooting is one of the greatest sources of waste. A producer often shoots four and five times as much film as he ever expects to use.

Is This Waste?

(Continued from page 19)

Occasionally a canny producer gathers up the rejected film and patches it up into a new picture.

Do you remember the Paramount comedy, *Don't Tell Everything*? If Hollywood gossip was true, it was made partly of the remnants of the ill-fated *Affairs of Anatol*.

Time Is Money

TIME is money, with the enormous studio overhead running up every minute. But you would never know it, gazing at the leisurely fashion in which motion pictures seem to be made. Sometimes hours pass by, while a director fumes and frets and the actors yawn and gossip, and electricians sweat over some lights that refuse to function.

Sometimes a camera will balk right in the midst of a great mob scene, and the whole thing will have to be repeated.

"I never saw a camera balk over a small shot," Cecil DeMille said once. "But take a big, smashing scene using thousands of extras, and ten to one something will happen to the camera."

It is the apparent time-waste that reduces the efficiency experts to a state of inarticulate frenzy. These "cost hounds" are the most cordially hated persons on a lot, and sometimes justly so. Used to the cut and dried functioning of a factory, they cannot understand that a motion picture cannot always be turned out with all extra movements eliminated. They pounce upon little evidences of waste with all the gleeful zest of a cat upon a mouse.

"Look here," the cost hound demands of a director. "This cost sheet shows that you bought two fifty-cent cigars for your picture on location. Why wouldn't nickel cigars have done just as well?"

"Because we were in a small town, and that was all they had. It would have taken three hours of valuable time to go to the next town for cheaper ones."

Costly Philanthropy

Sometimes a director allows hundreds of extra folk to dawdle on salary for days, in order to preserve the strength or humor the whim of a high-salaried star. One director is greatly beloved by extra people because of his bent for keeping as many extras on salary throughout the picture as he can. He knows how much a day's work means

to an extra, and when he has the slightest excuse for keeping an actor, he does it. Because he is a very good director, he gets away with this laudable but costly philanthropy.

The malady known as "klieg eyes" has caused more waste of time and money than any other malady. Scenes have been held up for days, while the star kept ice packs on her streaming eyes.

But the inveterate cost hound is working on this expensive malady, and little by little it is being conquered. Many actors wear colored glasses on the set, when not working, to prevent the ultra violet rays of the big lights from inflaming their eyes.

Handling Mobs

FOR YEARS, a great deal of time has been wasted in handling extras in the big mob scenes. But army efficiency methods are being injected into the movies. Fred Datig and Harold Stallings, casting directors at Universal City, worked out a successful plan for handling the great crowds used in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

It has formerly taken from three to four hours to check the extras into the studio and give them their costumes. Under the new system, it took just fifty minutes to dispose of some 1,200 extras and start the cameras grinding. They received their tickets at the front gate. Then, instead of the usual tedious roll call on the set, they passed before two men at typewriters. The typists took their names as fast as they were given, and the next official gave them their costumes.

Salvaging Sets

A GREAT source of waste in days past has been the huge and elaborate sets built. Much of this waste is now being overcome.

At the Lasky studio, there is a studio carpenter who makes a study of cheap materials. He can build the most marvelous ball-room out of composition board, stained or covered with wall paper. The wall corners are held together only by small iron keystones. The polished ball-room floor is usually made of composition board, too, and treated with hard glaze finish.

The elaborate fireplaces, friezes, fountains and carved panels are designed by the studio artists, and cast in plaster moulds. After they have been used, the plaster is discarded, but

(Continued on page 84)

Victor Seastrom Talks About Our Motion Pictures

of his character. One can see it in his hands, in his every move.

Difficult to Interview

I CUDGELED my brain for the opening question. This is all-important, for by it, the interview may freeze his victim into ice on the instant.

They had planned that I talk with him at lunch, but at noon, when they approached him on the subject, I could see him shaking his leonine head vigorously, something like terror in those sea-blue eyes. I thought, with an irreverent inward giggle, of the terror of an elephant for a mouse.

At last they persuaded him to remain cornered for a very few minutes.

Now for my carefully-couched question!

"Would you mind telling me, Mr. Seastrom, a little of how they make pictures in Sweden? Is the industry on as large a scale as it is here?"

"Well—" and this strong man actually faltered, choosing his words oh, so carefully. "It is quite large."

Not so good on that one, but an opening at least.

"Is there as much money invested there as there is here?"

"Ye-es there is a good deal of money in pictures there."

Not so good.

"Are pictures in Sweden backed by independent capital? Is the industry made up of independent producers?"

Swedish Film Trust

NO, NOT exactly. It is more like a trust.

Ah ha—an admission! Poor man—he had fallen into the trap!

"But aren't there anti-trust laws there, as there are here?"

"Oh, yes,—but there are always ways, you know," smiling apologetically.

So much for that. Well—

"Are the studios as large as they are here?"

"Yes, they are quite large. Maybe not so large, though." (Yes, we have no bananas, I thought.) "Maybe not so large as Stage Six." You have all heard of Goldwyn's Stage Six, the largest in the world. "Maybe as large as this," he waved his hand inclusively at the courtroom, which is not large as sets go.

Evidently, "stage" as picture fans understand the word, means "studio" in Sweden.

"How about working facilities?"

New Hope for the American Photoplay

(Continued from page 63)

One-Man Pictures

WE HAVE not so many as here," he said more positively. "One has no assistants there. One does all oneself."

"How about lights—how is location work managed?"

"We have fine lights, too. You see we work only in summer because the theatres close and the actors come direct from them to the studios. There are no actors who give their talents solely to the screen."

"Is the stellar system practiced in Sweden?"

"No—oh, no, indeed," further warmth and interest. "We do not believe in that. The same actors appear in all the pictures made by the producer. Yes—a stock company. It is like one big family." Again the smile. "One is very happy to work with them."

But in spite of the smile, I could see him becoming more and more restive. I could not find it in my heart to torture him longer. He was so obviously unhappy. I intimated that he was released.

"Oh,—thank you!" and before I could turn to him from a glance about in search of my guides, he had vanished. Whether he had flown through the ceiling or had disappeared into thin air, I know not.

Vast Knowledge of Life

DO NOT think I am poking fun at Victor Seastrom. Far from it. My life as an interviewer has been made up of such a large number of things, that I have honest liking and gratitude for this particular variety of victim. When one realizes the past achievements of the man—realizes the nice application of his vast knowledge of life and acting to the work at hand, it is astounding to find such reticence.

Poor, unhappy man! He is doomed to many an uncomfortable hour, for the world within the next year will send many and many an interviewer to talk

with him—not about ships and sealing wax—but about Victor Seastrom, his one poor subject of conversation.

So, if we are to learn his views on American photoplays and photoplay-making, we must reconstruct them from the few remarks recorded on these pages.

Therefore, at the risk of incurring his righteous wrath, I shall make so bold as to give you his views as I conceive them:

He—naturally—likes to make pictures in Sweden than he does here. You can't blame him. There he is among his people, speaking his tongue, basically thinking his thoughts. His mind is Swedish and his pictures appeal first and foremost to Swedish minds.

Great Technical Opportunities

BUT America gives him greater technical opportunities for the making of pictures—providing the American public will accept them. That is the chance he is running now. In all probability, the thought which is uppermost in his mind during these days of filming *The Master of Man* is:

"Am I making a picture which the American mind will embrace? Will each and every scene in this picture be clear to the American public?"

I sensed that he regretted having said that Swedish motion pictures were controlled by a trust. The remark oozed out, as it were, and was quickly repressed. But here, perhaps, is another reason why Seastrom is making pictures in this country. It is possible that he was restricted too much by this combine, and feels that America is the promised land, in that respect at least.

Short Picture Making Season

THEN, too, the time allotted to Swedish picture making is short. A few brief months in the summer and—pouf! it is over.

We are all awaiting eagerly the release of both *Mortal Clay* and *The Master of Man*. These pictures, made under varying circumstances, in two different countries, will offer food for comparison. By them we can learn the relative merits and demerits of the native and the foreign branches of the industry. In other words, we will see what America has done for or done to Victor Seastrom.

I prophesy that the world will soon recognize him as the greatest director in motion pictures.

The Hollywood Fencing Instructors Are Growing Fat.

Woman and One Arabian Night—there came a veritable tidal wave of American made costume pictures to fill and overflow the channels that had been opened by these sturdy pioneers. Oddly enough, the native productions made money where most of the originators had failed.

Our Stars Try Costumes

CONSIDERING categorically the big stars and directors of the film industry, we find that each of them has a flyer in romantic drama. Some of them have gone in for costume stuff to the exclusion of everything else.

Douglas Fairbanks, in the past three years, has made two pictures—*The Three Musketeers* and *Robin Hood*—both of which were reeking with romance. His next production, *The Thief of Bagdad*, will follow the same schedule.

Mary Pickford has made *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and is now engaged on *Lolita*, a story of old Spain.

Rex Ingram has done *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Scaramouche*.

Norma Talmadge reflected two stages of the 19th Century in *Smilin' Thru* and *The Eternal Flame*, and has gone even farther back into the dim past in *Ashes of Vengeance*.

Even the sprightly, sophisticated, ultra-modern Constance has attempted to prove that the flapper isn't a new invention. In *The Dangerous Maid* and *Mme. Pompadour*, she is following the fashionable trend into history.

D. W. Griffith, who was adept at this sort of thing even before the German

The Romantic Age In the Movies

(Continued from page 16)

invansion, produced *Orphans of the Storm* and then, characteristically, shifted his scene to the present time and started to put romantic drama into dress suits.

Barthelmess Tries It, Too

RICHARD BARTHELMESS, whose chief charm has always been his essential, homely Americanism, has chosen to cast off the humble habiliments of *Tol'able David* and step forth in the finery of an elder day. *The Bright Shawl* was a flashing affair of the brave days in 1850 when Cuba was first struggling for independence. *The Fighting Blade*—Dick's latest—is a romantic melodrama of the early 17th Century.

Marion Davies, whose picture is published regularly in many of our leading newspapers and magazines, has run wild with costume pictures. *When Knighthood Was in Flower* and *Little Old New York* have been as complete as Wells' *Outline of History* and *Yoland* and *Alice of Old Vincennes* are to follow.

William Fox has donated *The Queen of Sheba*, *Nero*, *Monte Cristo*, *Monna Vanna*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* and a few others of equal magnificence.

Cecil B. De Mille has never quite departed from his favorite Fifth Avenue mansion, with its marble beds and

patent leather sheets, but he has inserted in each of his pictures a streak of historical stuff.

There are many more names on the list: *The Covered Wagon*, *To Have and to Hold*, *Oliver Twist*, *Down to the Sea in Ships*, *Grandma's Boy*, *Trilby*, *Richard the Lion Hearted*, *Under Two Flags*, *The Green Goddess*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *The Brass Bottle*, *Omar the Tentmaker*, *Blood and Sand*, *Rupert of Hentzau*—and so on as far as the eye can reach.

Satisfying Stellar Vanity

THERE is no doubt that many of these spectacular romantic dramas have been produced to satisfy the star's personal vanity. There is no actor or actress in the world who doesn't like to dress up, and the gorgeous costumes of the olden days offer great opportunities for costly display. But it is equally certain that films of this type have, on the whole, been successful financially.

Although statistics gathered by the energetic Mr. Roger Babson indicate that exhibitors still believe that the public doesn't want costume pictures, the actual box-office records prove otherwise.

So the production of costume dramas will probably continue until every period in the history of the world has been carefully covered. Then, perhaps, the silent drama will pass quietly from the romantic age and achieve its full growth.

In the meantime, however, it's going to be pretty tough for the Hollywood barbers.

the moulds are retained, altered a bit and used again.

The Lasky studio saves every piece of lumber over four feet long. A special nail-pulling gang pulls out all nails from the wood, and even saves the nails for the next job.

Presto Change!

THE EFFORTS of the much-maligned "cost hounds" have vanquished wasteful tactics in the "prop" line, at least. At the Lasky studio, a drapery may start its screen career at a drawing-room window. In its next appearance, it may be cut up for pillows or act as a piano cover. Or it may be bleached and dyed and used over again. War clubs, spears and swords are used over and over again to suit the fashions of

Is This Waste?

(Continued from page 82)

different eras. Cobble stones, Belgian blocks and marble floor slabs are kept in stock and used to pave streets or foyers at a moment's notice. They are used over and over again.

Telegraph poles used on locations are saved to make log cabins for some plains picture.

Stairways, arches and portions of the walls are saved. Structurally, they are not changed, but you would never recognize them under a disguise of new paper and fitted into a new setting.

There is an emulsion rich in silver salt left in the developing fluid by the film. Laboratory experts treat this

fluid carefully, removing the silver.

So gradually, the wasteful days are passing. And they must. In the flatter pioneer days of pictures, waste did not matter. The new business was so great that it carried the movie makers along to fortune as on a tide. They couldn't help making money. But today competition is murderously keen. The public appetite for pictures is a bit sated. Waste is cutting into the profits so deeply that the producers, being business men first, last and foremost, are taking steps to prevent waste.

Let's hope they succeed. Then perhaps the price of pictures will come down, and father can take ma and the kids to the show on Saturday night once more, without feeling that he has paid a quarterly instalment on the national debt.



LIONEL STRONGFORT

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Strongfortism is the science of buoyant, alive, vigorous, health, developed after twenty-five years of physical and health teaching by me. I developed myself to be one of the strongest and healthiest men the world has ever known. Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, said of me; "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen." I did this for myself through natural means—nature's own way. For twenty-five years, I have been teaching others how to do the same thing for themselves; how to become physically able, without the use of pills, or dope or drugs of any kind; without the use of fads or fancy methods or expensive contraptions; without interfering with your occupation; entirely in the privacy of your own room. My way is the scientific way, nature's own way—you follow my simple, sensible instructions and you will build up your health and restore your vitality. I guarantee that I shall accomplish all that I undertake.

LIONEL STRONGFORT (signed)

HUMAN WRECKAGE !

Are YOU
One of
Them ?



By the side of the road to success, the road to happiness and contentment, are heaped up the soulless, bloodless, unhealthy bodies—human wreckage of the pace of life—the failures in the home and in business—those who could not make the grade.

ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?

Man, Oh, Man, look yourself over! Take stock of yourself! Check your ailings and failings before it is too late. Don't strike the high road of life unfit for the happiness of home and the battle of business. Don't let yourself be dumped on that heap of human wreckage!

In all the whole wide world there is nothing so pitiable as a heart burning with ambition, a mind determined, but a body unwilling; the saddest failures in life are those of souls fired with genius but seared with a despoiled body.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, AWAKE!

Shake from your shoulders that indifference, that listlessness, that lack of ambition and lack of health—make yourself healthy, strong, vigorous and alive—be a man—a real man—a man who gets somewhere in the world and who can go to a happy home and look his wife and children proudly in the eye. Do it now—before it is too late—Strongfortism can help you as it has thousands of others.

SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK

If your body is failing and is your unwilling servant, send for my free book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND MENTAL ENERGY." The experience and research of a lifetime are contained in this wonderfully instructive book. It will tell you frankly how you can make yourself over into a vigorous specimen of vital manhood. Fill in the coupon and send it with your request for the free book. I shall treat it confidentially, and writing to me entails no obligation on your part. Do not turn over this page without filling in the coupon, and sending it in—if you turn over this page you are turning from the road of happiness, contentment, and success, to the road that leads to the heap of human wreckage.

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....Neuritis
....Deformity
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(Describe)

....Flat Chest
....Successful Marriage
....Rheumatism
....Pimples
....Blackheads
....Insomnia
....Neurasthenia
....Short Wind
....Flat Feet
....Stomach Disorders
....Constipation

....Biliousness
....Torpid Liver
....Indigestion
....Nervousness
....Poor Memory
....Vital Losses
....Impotency
....Weak Eyes
....Despondency
....Diabetes
....Female Disorders
....Increased Height
....Youthful Errors

....Manhood Restored
....Prostatitis
....Falling Hair
....Gastritis
....Heart Weakness
....Poor Circulation
....Skin Disorders
....Round Shoulders
....Lung Trouble
....Muscular Development
....Great Strength

Mention other Ailments here:

NAME

AGE OCCUPATION

STREET STATE CITY

The Screen Year In Review

(Continued from page 55)

office attraction in America today than Harold Lloyd. He doesn't approach, of course, the serio-comic genius of Chaplin, but he is a conscientious, highly likeable and ingenious funmaker. Right here let us note that, curiously, the sad-faced Buster Keaton, working along the same lines, has been wanning. This is an old phase of the screen, to be sure.

The only other star who has more than held his own is Richard Barthelmess. This earnest young actor has been steadily going on. His invasion of the costume drama has been an interesting one. Here is a star who turned to romantic stuff to develop himself. He felt that to stick to the field of homely Americanism, in which he is pre-eminent, would be to limit himself. Barthelmess, we might add, is many degrees higher in popularity than a year ago.

Lillian Gish's Position

LILLIAN GISH worked nearly all year in Italy on *The White Sister* but the production has not been revealed publicly. Her position as our foremost emotional actress still seems to stand untouched, however. Doug Fairbanks is still plunging on spectacles. There is a limit to this sort of thing, but apparently Fairbanks hasn't reached it yet. They say that *The Street Singer* will reveal a new Mary Pickford. We shall see. Just now her status is doubtful; her revival of *Tess of the Storm Country* wasn't such a happy thought after all. Norma Talmadge is slowly dropping backward, while Constance Talmadge seems to have slipped almost from view. On the other hand, Gloria Swanson, plus clothes and personality, has more than held her own.

Pola Negri gained nothing by invading America and is nowhere nearly as important a personage in Hollywood as she was in Berlin. Yet the next month may change all this. Pola is a person of high power potentiality. Thomas Meighan, to be honest, is getting along in life. He is reaching the difficult age of getting vehicles—and holding his followers. Jackie Coogan has not made any particular progress in the twelve months.

Two Sensational Come-Backs

Two sensational come-backs were staged during the year. Mae Marsh gave a brilliant performance through much of the turgid distance of Griffith's *The White Rose* and Charlie Ray, after a long chain of artificial screen creations, came back to his hoosier boyhood and did a smashing thing in *The Girl I Love*. We wouldn't be at all surprised to see Blanche Sweet do a

real come-back in Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*.

Marion Davies' Progress

MARION DAVIES has made a surprising progress during the year. Long just a pretty star, Miss Davies has suddenly developed into an actress, as well as a comedienne, of distinct possibilities.

We credit Florence Vidor with the greatest personal development of the year. She is steadily advancing and, if all goes well, should soon challenge the historic leadership of Lillian Gish. Here is an actress of charm, beauty and a rare humanness. Her *Alice Adams* and her *Carol Kennicutt* of *Main Street* were superb characterizations.

Ramon Novarro, the Rex Ingram discovery, made a striking flash across the horizon as the pagan lover of *Where the Pavement Ends* and rather took us off our feet. And yet, looking back at this distance, we aren't wholly convinced about Novarro. For a moment we looked upon him as the young actor to challenge Valentino but we doubt all that now.

Barbara La Marr was another strong personality to hit success during the year. From a minor role in *The Prisoner of Zenda* she has stepped to stardom in little over a year. A picturesque but not a sweeping personality. Nita Naldi lent picturesqueness to a role in *Blood and Sand* and immediately became popular. A colorful personality—but we now realize her limitations. Of more potentiality is little Mary Philbin, the heroine of *Merry-Go-Round*. Here is a young actress who may really do something worth while. We see nothing in that much touted "discovery," Eleanor Boardman.

Leatrice Joy has been striking a very good average but our chosen six as to reliability are Baby Peggy, the Prince of Wales in all his news reel appearances, Farina, Mae Busch, Lois Wilson and Strongheart.

Mae Murray seems to be able to go on capitalizing affectation. An oddity of popularity this.

It has been a bad year for the No. 2 stars, such as Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels, Jacqueline Logan, and even worse for wanning lights such as Mary Miles Minter and Dorothy Dalton. Other minor figures, such as Viola Dana, go along their way seemingly untouched by time. Yet Priscilla Dean isn't quite the same.

The season's worst flops? Cecil de Mille's *Adam's Rib* and the *Overlordship* of Will Hayes!

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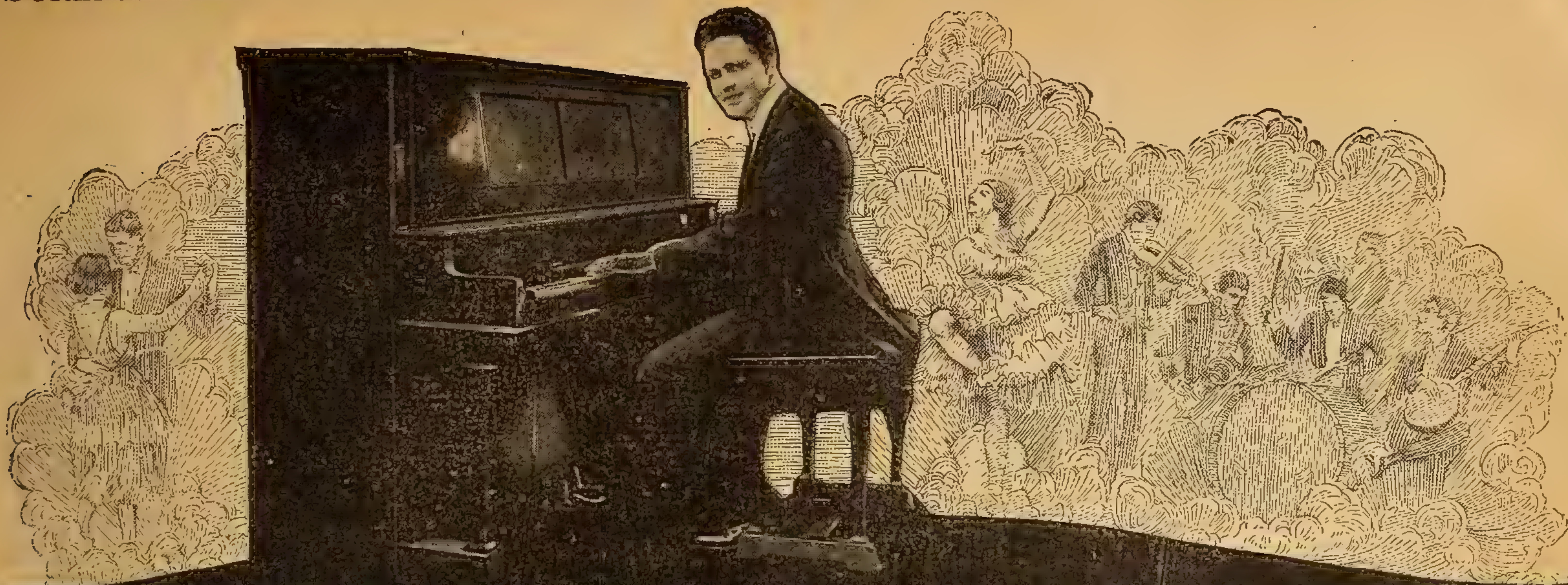
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Curiosity to know what our neighbors are doing; what the young married couple in the apartment next door are quarreling about; why the old lady on the next floor has tear-red-dened eyes; why the policeman on his beat wears such a jaunty smile of cockey happiness; how the pretty stenographer can dress so well on twenty-five dollars a week; why the clever young man is failing in business; why the Gardners are getting a divorce—curiosity is one of the ruling passions of our lives.

And that passion is not an evil one. It is a hungering after knowledge to use as a torch to light our own stumbling feet. Maybe the others have learned lessons from their experiences, which would help us in ours. This stretching out of the curious, exploring fingers of the heart toward other hearts is our only means of *contact*. Every soul is bitterly lonely, for at least a fraction of the time. And every soul yearns to touch other souls, to get warmth from contact.

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The Listening Post

(Continued from page 86)

to the "profession" when Charlie Chaplin dropped in. Charlie happened to know one of the party and came over to pass the time of day. The party proved hospitable and Charlie proved responsive, so a solicitous waiter hurried up with another chair. And for hours Charlie talked, brilliantly, interestingly and uninterruptedly. All about his new picture, which by the way, deals with the life experiences of Peggy Hopkins Joyce; about his trip abroad—he's still talking about it; and about Charles Spencer Chaplin. The Tatler staggered out about midnight, but the monolog continued until 3:35 the next morning.

Egoism, would you say? Or artistic temperament? Or just loneliness? Any man that talks as interestingly as Charlie Chaplin and loves an audience as well as he does, ought to have a wife, say we.

Take Your Choice

THERE seems to be a difference of opinion over why Evelyn Brent took her make-up box and left the Fairbanks lot. *Evelyn* said that she had signed with Doug to work in pictures, and that so far she had been the world's champion restler.

Doug said that his *Thief of Bagdad* picture had to be an airy, ethereal sort of picture, and that Evelyn was a bit too voluptuous to match the picture.

But Dame Gossip says that Mary put her pretty little foot down and told Doug to get another leading lady. For be it known that Doug has an appreciative eye for feminine pulchritude, and Mary knows the weaknesses of sex.

The same thing is said to have happened when Doug was casting for *Robin Hood*. Marguerite de la Motte had been eminently satisfactory to the public, and to Doug, and Fairbanks expected to retain her for *Robin Hood*. But Marguerite had been announcing fondly in print that all that she was and all she hoped to be she owed to Douglas Fairbanks, or words to that effect. So Mary changed his mind and picked out Enid Bennett, a lady who was safely in love with her own husband.

So there's three stories. You pay your money and you takes your choice.

Page Cupid

COLLEEN MOORE and John McCormick were married on August 26, and Colleen has a platinum band next to her engage-

ment ring of two tiny emerald shamrocks with diamond centers. Emeralds bring Colleen luck, she says, and the Shamrock is her favorite flower.

Ruth Holds Her Own

A FEW years in serial pictures certainly makes a gal agile. The other evening at the Cocoanut Grove, hundreds of brilliant balloons were released on the dancing floor. The game was to keep one's own balloon intact, while endeavoring to burst one's neighbor's balloon.

A glorious scramble ensued. Big stars and little stars scurried in and out between the tables, hugging their balloons as if they were more precious than rubies. But Ruth Roland knew a trick worth two of that. She climbed up on a table and stayed there. And when the conflict ended, her pretty red balloon was the only one intact.

For a prize they brought out a monkey, a most inquisitive little beast. Ruth took him home and parked him in the bathroom over night. The next morning she sprung him on her aunt, who promptly fainted when the monko hopped onto her shoulder and wound his tail around her neck. It looked as if the little monkey was all set to enjoy a good home, but monko was too effervescent. After he had wrecked the contents of the china closet and a vase or two, Ruth turned him over to the zoo.

Agnes Doesn't Diet

DON'T diet! Eat what you like," says Agnes Ayres in a recent interview. Agnes declares that *she* never diets, and one might well infer that this is the cause of her slenderness.

Oh Agnes! Wait until you are fair and forty, and watch the ounces climb! Just keep on absorbing three square meals a day and Father Time will attend to the rest. It might be well for ambitious reducing specialists to take Miss Ayres' address for future use.

Pauline Starke to Wed

PAULINE STARKE is wearing a sparkling square-cut diamond on the right finger, and blushingly admits that the diamond is the gift of Jack White, the youthful producer of Mermaid comedies. When will they be married? Pauline isn't quite sure.

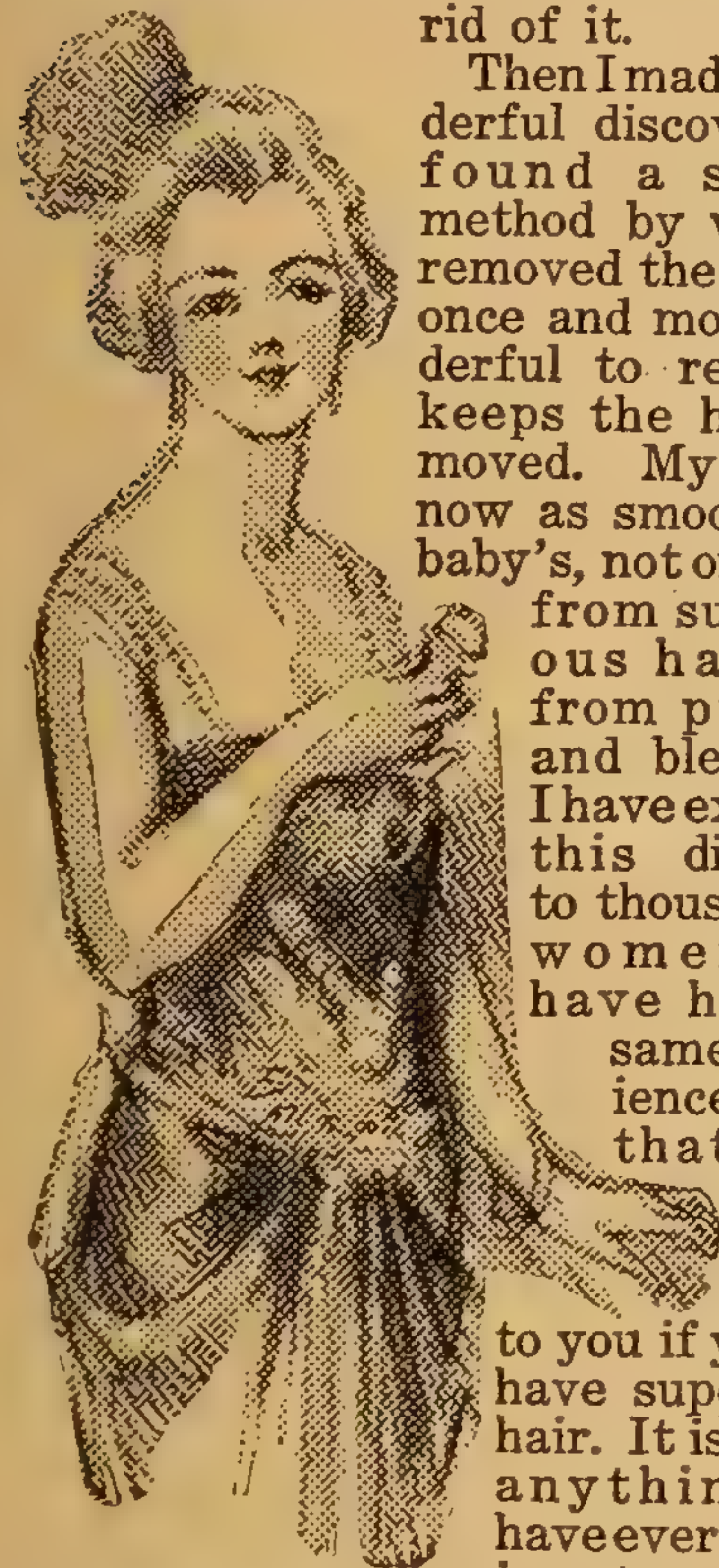
"It's too late to be a June bride now, isn't it?" queried Pauline when questioned. "Maybe we'll decide to make it fifty-fifty and get married about Christmas time."

(Continued on page 98)

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

Here's the Secret

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I had tried every sort of depilatory and electrolysis and even a razor. But I couldn't get rid of it.



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Fool's Gold

(Continued from page 81)

had long since seen its best days, but somehow Davies always managed to pull it together for just one more trip. So here he was, helping with the stage scenery for our Act, tending to the Radio outfit, flying off for popcorn for our small white mouse,—an important member of the cast,—paying for our lunches and being general handy man.

A Great Party, Girlie

WE WERE all excited. So much was at stake besides the mere retrieving of our battered fortunes. The local manager was lovely to us, in fact, he quite showered us with attentions. Pat was suspicious, but I laughed at her. My motto is to love everyone, and to be willing to take as well as to give. But at the last performance, he became entirely too friendly. One after another of his friends kept coming into the stage entrance, standing in the wings, and trying to chat with us. In the end, he invited us all to a grand party in his home. Said he had some good old vintages, etc., etc., that it was the custom of the road, and he would be able to insure us return booking, etc., etc.

And now out of the blue stepped forth friend Davies with plenty of plain and unvarnished words, mentally dealt him a knock-out, and carried us all off, bag and baggage, homeward bound.

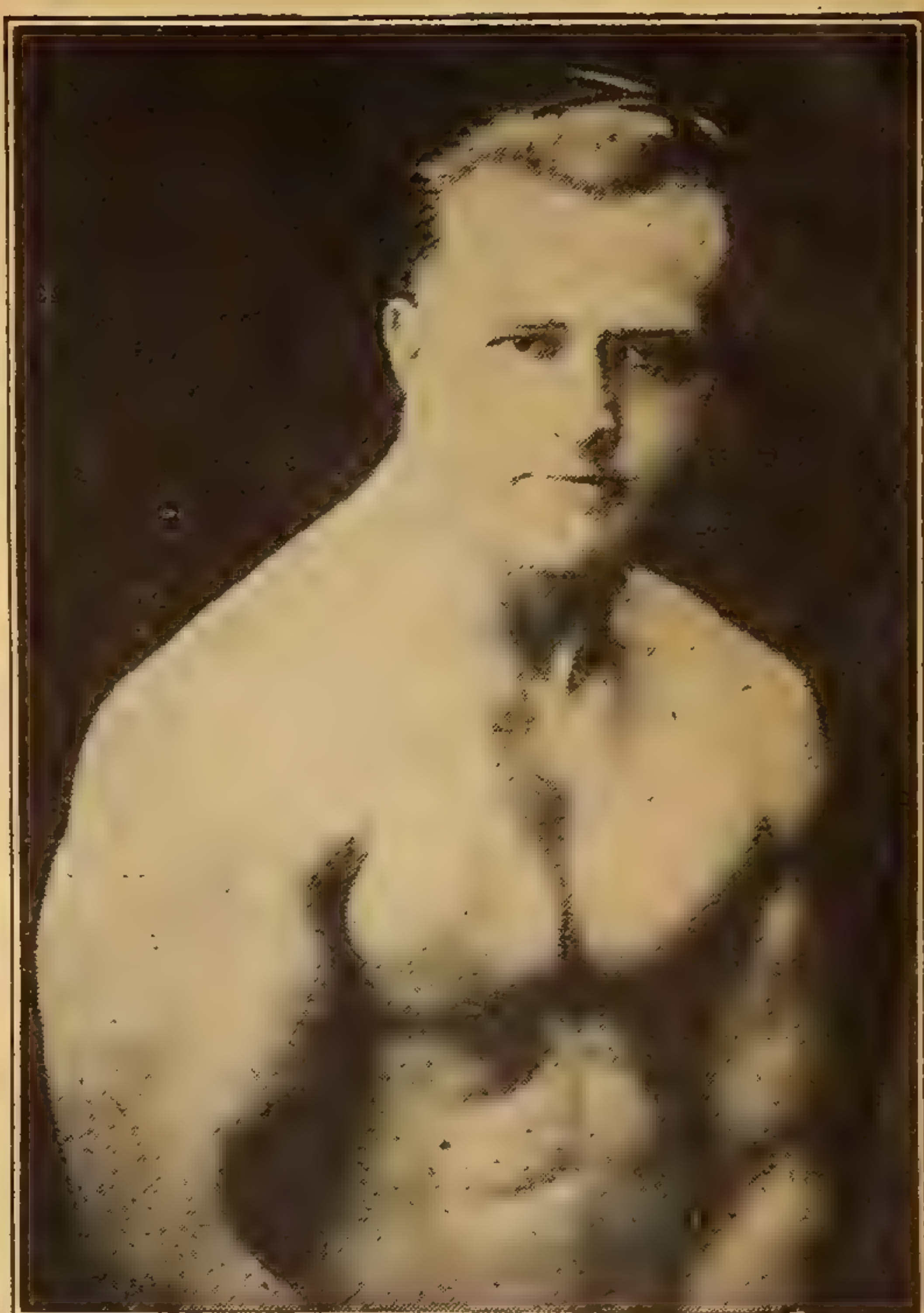
"Hurrah for Davies, Long may he wave."

He'll Use a Double Next Time

JOHN BOWERS used to scoff at doubles. His trick stuff he did himself, by Gorry. But now he's willing to admit that there are time when doubles are advisable. John has the leading role in the western picture, *When a Man's a Man*, and in it he is supposed to bulldog a steer. Several cowboys from Prescott, Ariz., offered to double for him but Jawm waved them aside with a superb gesture. The next gesture he made didn't carry quite so much dignity, for poor John's left foot caught in the stirrup, his body was thrown too far toward the steer he was pursuing to maintain his balance, and he fell and was dragged by his horse.

How Come, Mickey?

MARSHALL NEILAN plays a part in Edward Dillon's picture, *Broadway Gold*. He appears dragging a baby carriage, which may or may not make him a leading man. Edward Dillon returns the compliment by appearing in Neilan's *Eternal Three*. What are they doing, trying to get even with each other for something? However, it is the public which pays and pays and pays, and then has to suffer!



Latest Photograph of Earl E. Liederman

If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would add ten years to your life, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Now is the time. Tomorrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance?

A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs—the kind that give you real pep and energy, that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

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I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life for you. SEND FOR MY BOOK

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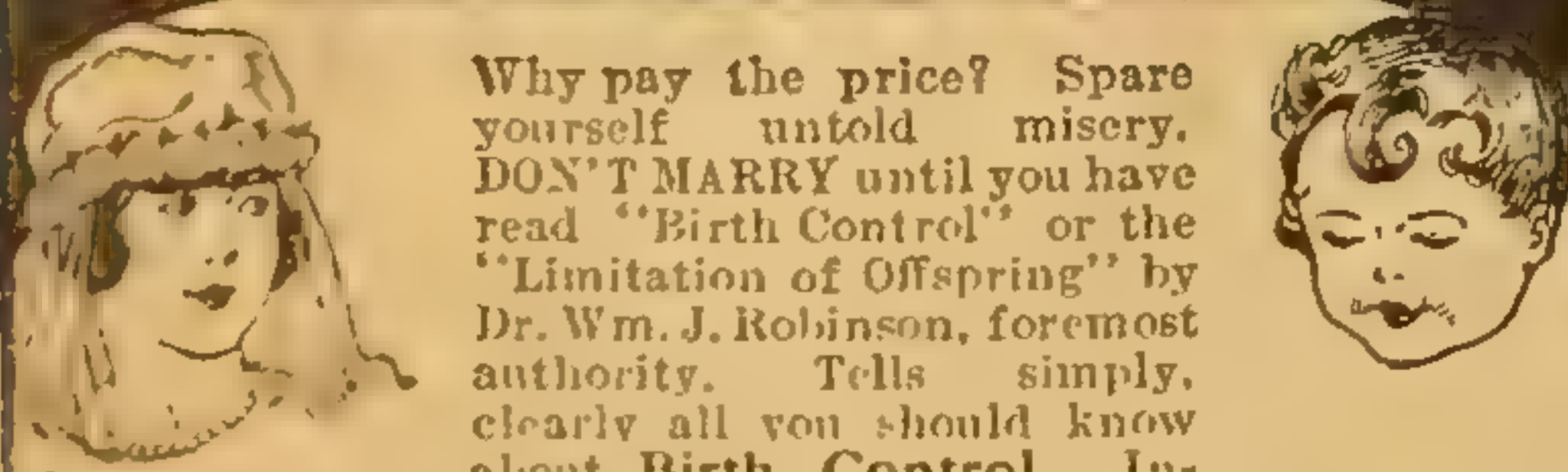
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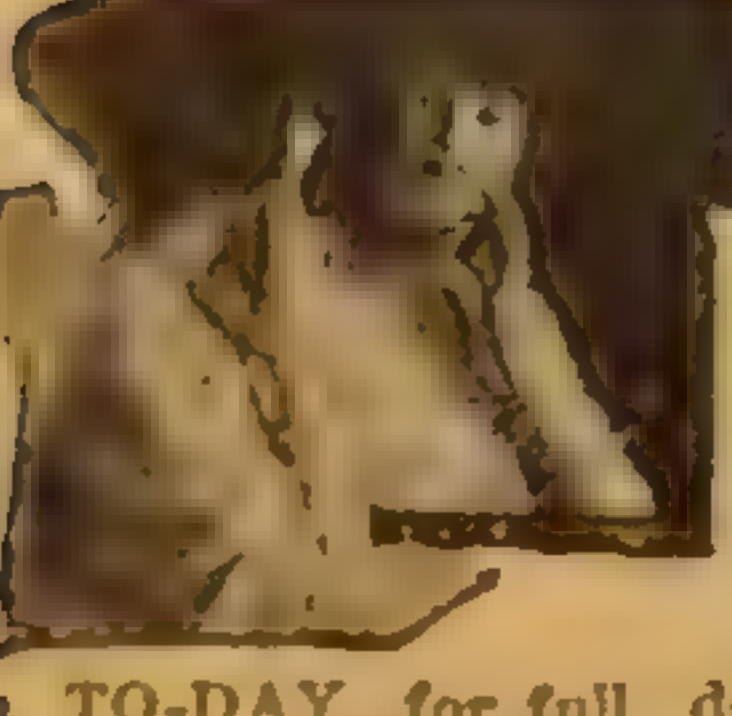
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The Movies? Mr. Gallagher? Absolutely! Mr. Shean!

(Continued from Page 47)

Luncheon on the Roof

MR. GALLAGHER and Mr. Shean smiled pleasantly. They thought we were mad and suggested luncheon. It was brought to all of us on the roof and our spirits rose immediately, after the consumption of a ham and egg sandwich, coffee in a container and some chocolate almonds. Only the "hound dogs" teased nearly all of ours away from us. There is one thing we cannot resist and that is the reproachful eyes of a great Dane. "How melancholy he looks," we exclaimed to the camera man, "you should call him Hamlet."

"We should," retorted the C. M., "but we call him Ophelia, instead. That one is Hamlet and that little one is Hans."

"Why do you call him Hans?"

"Let me tell it," interrupted little Mr. Shean. "It's a good one. We call him Hans because he is 'the blue eyed Dane.' Isn't that a good one?"

And sure enough Hans' eyes are bright blue. The first Great Dane we ever saw with azure orbs; and we used to be kennel editor of the *Tribune* before we went into the dramatic department and began to write about actors. These beautiful canines, which will take prominent parts in *Around the Town with Gallagher and Shean*, are from the kennels of Francis X. Bushman; he has bred many champions. Hans is picturesque, but he is only three months old and he likes to play

better than he does to work. His idea of a corking good time is to leap on you when you're not expecting it and hurl you to the mat. Hamlet and Ophelia are the two seen in the picture nearest the center. They are the ones wearing kegs around their necks. The kegs are empty! On the left is Mr. Gallagher and on the right is Mr. Shean.

Comedy Detectives

OUT on the set away from the offices of the "world's greatest detectives," we detected Alan Hale, Lucy Fox and Arthur Houseman.

"What are they doing here?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Shean. "There are really two stories in this picture."

"A love story and a detective story," added Mr. Gallagher.

"And the two never meet," continued Mr. Shean. "You see, we are hired to find the girl, Lucy Fox."

"Who has been stolen by the villain, Alan Hale?"

"Is pursued by her lover, Arthur Houseman?"

"And we go all over the world on all sorts of adventures." This is Mr. Gallagher talking now. "And never once come anywhere near the girl."

"How true to life," we ejaculated. "This scenario writer certainly has held the mirror up to nature!"

Again the two versifiers smiled at us pleasantly. They have a way of saying exactly what they mean and of not understanding people who speak in bitterness.

The Listening Post

(Continued from page 90)

Sessue To Work in France

SESSUE HAYAKAWA is to appear in a big French picture, to be made abroad, according to word recently received here. He and his dainty little wife, Tsuru Aoki, who is to be in the picture also, are in France now. They are to return in the fall, when Sessue will make another attempt at legitimate fame, in a new stage vehicle.

Fame is Relative

A LOS ANGELES exhibitor had a bright idea last week. He booked *The Sheik*, with Rodolph Valentino, and *The Shriek of Araby* with Ben Turpin, a take-off on the Valentino picture, and ran them side by side on the same

program. For purposes of comparison, you understand.

Alone at Last

JACK PICKFORD and Marilyn Miller would rather be scrappily married than happily separated. They don't like this East and West stuff, so after a trip to Europe this summer, Marilyn will appear in another Zeigfeld show and Jack will make pictures in New York. Later Marilyn may go in pictures with the rest of the in-laws, which will be vera vera nice and much better than being a bride by correspondence.

From A. M. to P. M.

(Continued from page 35)

- 4:35 Telephone ordered in August 1921 is installed.
- 4:50 Studio press agents deny all rumors.
- 5:00 English authors gather for tea.
- 5:30 Location cars return to Universal City.
- 5:31 6,798 actors try to cash pay checks.
- 5:45 Lines form in front of cafeterias.
- 5:59 92 special traffic police go off duty.
- 6:00 Greatest traffic jam in history of Los Angeles.
- 6:05 Movie ingenue, abandoning all hope of being invited to the Ambassador, decides to pay for her own dinner.

Evening

- 7:30 Charles Ray's butler announces that "Dinner is served."
- 7:45 Another "second Valentino" sits down to answer his solitary fan letter.
- 8:00 Curtain rises on "premier" of moving picture shown two weeks previously in New York and Tuscaloosa, Ala.
- 8:15 Curtain rises on road-show that left New York in May, 1919, with original Broadway cast.
- 8:30 Morning newspapers come out.
- 8:45 Next day's evening newspapers come out.
- 9:00 First husband of the evening is shot.
- 9:30 106 movie stars retire for the night.
- 10:00 490 extra girls cavort in cafes for benefit of tourists.
- 10:30 6 movie stars complain that wild and noisy tourists are keeping them awake.
- 11:15 Automobile speeds down Broadway at 45 miles an hour, unseen.
- 11:30 Young girl tourist is mistaken for Viola Dana and never recovers.
- 12:00 Midnight train for San Diego.
- 1:00 Time for all good little bootleggers to be in bed.
- 1:10 Hurry call from roadhouse.
- 2:00 Rupert Hughes shoots big night scene and calls it a day.
- 2:30 16 movie ingenues explain to their mothers that they were only out with a bunch of the girls.
- 2:35 Will Hays retires for the night.

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An Outline of Motion Picture Etiquette

(Continued from page 45)

knickers, belted coats, and two-toned sports shoes for the boys. At one time a girl appeared on a tennis court in sweater, skirt, and low-heeled shoes. She was frowned down, laughed at, by those who know. She never realized that low-heels were her undoing. Girls, profit by her mistake.

A riding habit must be included in your wardrobe for week-ends. You don this for tea. It is hardly the thing, however, to be seen on a horse.

Family Dinners

USUALLY given on the occasion of Dad and Mother's wedding anniversary. All children and grandchildren should be present, also food in large quantities. The children should just be themselves. The baby must not neglect to smear its face with jam. It is not amiss for one of the little ones to spill the stew on Grandma's new silk dress. One of the sons-in-law must balance peas on his knife while the rest of the company exchange nudges. A toast by the eldest son is always in good form: "Mother—God bless her." Mother, at this point, must not neglect to dab at her eyes.

Carnival Time in Venice

IS ATTENDED largely by wives. You should not go with your husband—leave him, and the child, at home. Go off in a gondola and enjoy yourself. Just before returning home assume an injured expression. You will need it for the reckoning scene. This never ends tragically if you conduct yourself in the proper manner. Throw yourself upon a divan while your husband stands over you in a threatening attitude. Just then sonny will patter in in his little night-things and everything will be all right.

Conduct for Shop Girls, Mission Workers, and Telephone Operators

WHEN the young man with the derby hat enters your life, as he is bound to do sooner or later, permit him to see you home in his car. His father will call to tell you that you will ruin his son's career if you marry him. This should strike you as a good idea. Weep, and promise to give him up. When the young man calls, tell him you cannot see him any more, and why. If he is the right kind of young man, he will scowl and say, "Father had no

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Motion Picture Etiquette

right," and clasp your hands in his. It will be only a question of time before the career will begin to crumble.

The Errant Wife

AFTER months and months of neglect, you may decide that your husband cares no longer. The thing to do then is to don a duster and a little hat with a veil. Never depart except at night, and by no means forget to write the letter. The form letter follows:

Dear Husband:

I am going away. Do not try to find me, as you will not succeed. May you never know the unhappiness you have caused me. Goodbye.

Your Loving Wife.

If you have a butler, give the letter to him. Otherwise prop it against the reading lamp.

For Girls Leaving Home

WE DO not recommend this course of action unreservedly, but at times it seems to be the best thing to do. Select a stormy night—snow storm is to be preferred, but a thunder storm is almost as good. Never wear a hat, but fling your cape about you before going out into the night. Carry your clothes in a bundle or a box. Before leaving, pause before your parents' door and stretch out your arms. You may even lean against the door and sob, but be careful not to wake them. Once outside, do not neglect to turn back and stretch out your arms again. After that the storm will have everything its own way.

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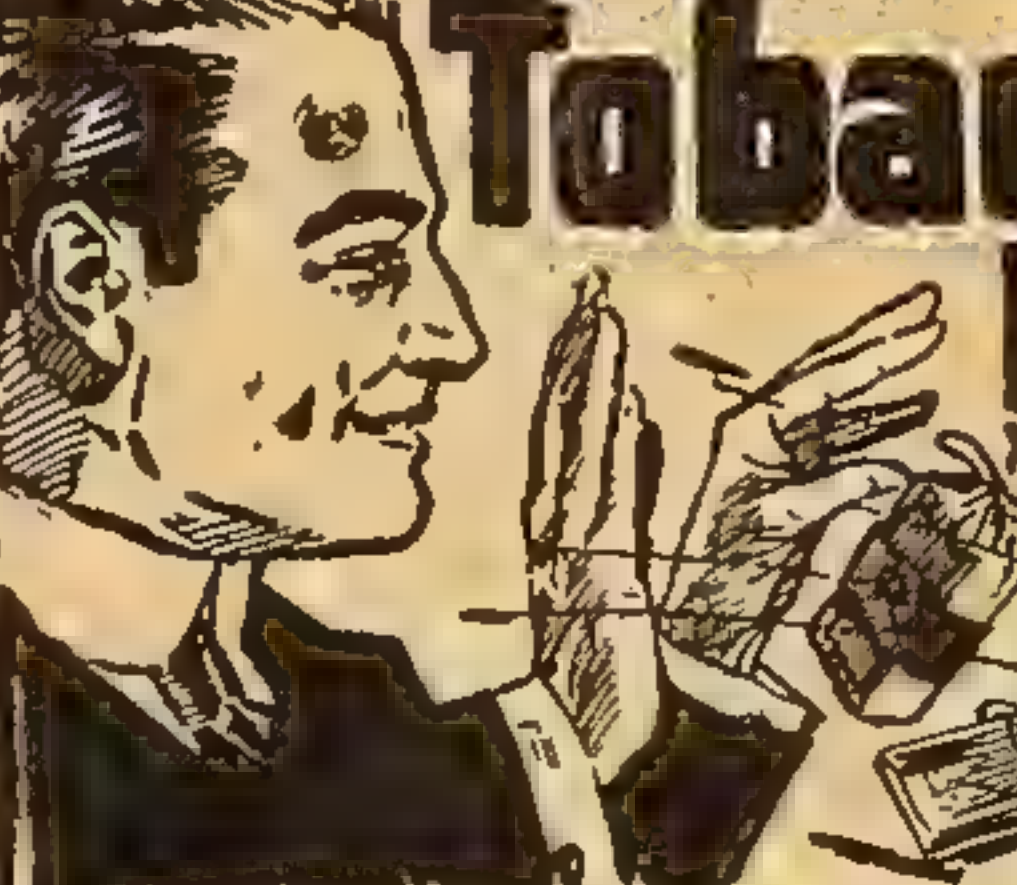
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Grand Larceny

(Continued from page 42)

little immigrant heroine and Bryant Washburn for the stalwart hero. They needed a mother, and they chose Rosa Rosanova. They didn't realize they were choosing her for the star, but they were.

Madame Rosanova, with all the wealth of her stage training, both in America and in Russia, endowed her small part with such pathos and feeling that the director enlarged her part, wrote in more scenes for her—in fact, gave her the picture. The love interest? Superbly handled, particularly by Helen Ferguson. Yet Mme. Rosanova overtopped everything.

He Stole His Chance

YEARS ago Charles Ray was grieving his boy heart out over the fact that he couldn't get a chance to show his ability. He was an actor—he knew it. But, in tiny, unimportant roles, how could he prove it?

Fate finally smiled upon Ray. She gave him the role of the son in *The Coward*, in which Frank Keenan was the star. It was a story of the Civil War, revealing the suffering of a proud old man who sees his son lacking in courage. Keenan had the "fat part." Or he thought he did—until Charles Ray took it away from him by sheer force of fine acting. Ray was made overnight!

Other Famous Screen Thefts

THERE are at least two other famous cases of celluloid grand larceny. Remember how Theda Bara first flashed across the film horizon? It was in a small role with Nance O'Neill in *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Miss O'Neill was the star—until the picture appeared. Miss Bara's hit led immediately to the vampire role in *A Fool There Was*.

The other famous instance centered about Florence Vidor. She appeared in a tiny role in *A Tale of Two Cities* with William Farnum. It was such a minor character that she wasn't even listed in the cast. But the audiences centered their interest upon "the girl in the tumbrel" and she was lifted to instant fame.

Richard Barthelmess, too, ran away with a lot of pictures before Griffith noticed him and made him a star. Remember how he galloped away off with Marguerite Clark's series of Bab stories? And how Thomas Meighan slipped away with many a picture before he was advanced to stardom?

The Most Famous Case of Theft

RIGHT here we should list the one supreme case of silversheet grand larceny. We refer to the immortal theft of *The Kid* from Charlie Chaplin. And the gay little bandit was no other than Jackie Coogan.

Chaplin realized that the comedy would make Jackie. He told everyone so in advance. But Chaplin is a great genius of the screen; fearless and unafraid of competition. Besides, Charlie had come to love little Jackie. So his generosity went at least half way into the making of a comedy classic. And, of course, it lifted Jackie to supreme popularity.

Rudie Was Notorious Bandit

IT WASN'T any unusual thing for Rodolph Valentino to steal a picture away from the star. It was his usual procedure. After his sensational success in *The Four Horsemen* and *The Sheik*, every feminine star on the Lasky lot would have given a week's salary to have Rudie for her leading man. But after they got him, and saw with tears how neatly he took the picture away from them, they would have given twice the sum to hear of his swift demise.

Dorothy Dalton was starred in *Moran of the Lady Letty*. I'm telling you that here, because otherwise you might never have known it. The canny exhibitors just sort of neglected to mention Dorothy Dalton's name in the billing, and blazoned Valentino's name in electric lights. Or if they had overdeveloped consciences, they announced,

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in
MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY
with
Dorothy Dalton.

Beware of Hackathorne

ONE of the best little stealers of pictures these days is young George Hackathorne, who suggests the Bobbie Harron and the Henry B. Walthall of younger days. Hackathorne has been running away with a lot of films lately. Doubtless you have noticed his hits in *Merry-Go-Round* and *Human Wreckage*. He certainly ran away with the individual success of Mrs. Reid's propaganda production.

Another character player, Dial Paterson, stood out of one or two of Richard Barthelmess' pictures this year. Remember her bit in "The Seventh

Is the Screen Afraid of Sex?

(Continued from page 37)

Whereupon Madame pointed out that there are two ways of looking at sex. Much like the opposing points of view of two persons who might be discussing it. One of these persons will say "Sex" and will mean innuendo, sensuality, peep-holes and a cartooning of the vital instincts which are as true and as necessary and should be as frankly and normally treated as the equally necessary functions of food and sleep.

Another person will say "Sex" and will mean frankly what he says, the creative functioning going on from the amoeba to the heirs of the First Man.

Strike at Morbid Curiosity

IT IS this last, frank, revelatory aspect of sex which Madame declares the screen fears.

The screen should have on orgy of such sex material.

Rend the skirts from the piano legs and deal morbid curiosity its death-blow. Or else dispense with it altogether. Abandon innuendo.

Provocative pandering with sensuality is the danger-point. And it is this parody of the organic functioning of sex of which the screen, paradoxically,

is not afraid.

Instead of telling us that innocent little Daisy Dimple "went wrong" in order to pay dear, old mother's bills at the hospital or to buy her little lame brother a wheeled chair we should see the 'orrid truth about little Daisy, with the always inevitable consequences one way or another.

No Lesson Taught by Sex Evasion

INSTEAD of witnessing a cinema flapper entering an anomalous road house to the lilting strains of jazz never to reappear quite as she went in, but ever after, haloed with pensive peplum of pain we should be called upon to observe by what processes nature arrives at this sickly conclusion.

No lesson is taught by an evasion of fact.

It is the *fact of sex* which the screen shuns.

It is the fiction of sex with which, constantly, it whets the appetite of curiosity-mongers and half-feeds the amorous appetites of the audiences.

Once tell the truth about sex on the screen and there will be neither curiosity nor fear.

Thus spake Petrova.

Grand Larceny

(Continued from page 102)

Day"? With half a chance Miss Paterson will burn up the celluloid.

Watch for Sid Chaplin

SOMEBODY once said that the only rival Charlie Chaplin has in comedy is his brother, Sid. Perhaps you think the statement is exaggerated. Charlie has kept Sid so busy being his manager that Sid has had little opportunity to display his talents. You remember him, perhaps, as the neighbor whose derby hat is used as a casing for a plum pudding in *The Pilgrim*.

The wise ones in Hollywood are saying that Sid Chaplin is purloining Marshall Neilan's picture, *The Rendezvous*. It is a Russian picture, written by Madeleine Ruthven, and Sid affords the comedy relief as a British soldier. He looks as if he had been lifted bodily from *The Better 'Ole*. Certain it is that Sid is contributing some rip-roaring comedy to an otherwise sombre story.

Watch for Moses

IT SEEMS highly irreverent to accuse so venerable a figure as Moses of stealing

a picture, but that is what he appears to be doing. Theodore Roberts is a dominant figure in any scene. In fact his little playmates on the screen assert plaintively that he is too dominant, that he is too apt to rub his famous nose or chew his equally famous cigar while they "have the scene."

But as Moses, in *The Ten Commandments*, Roberts is doing some remarkable work that stands head and shoulders above the acting of the other members of a fine cast, it is said. Another triumph of brawn over beauty!

Barbara LaMarr fairly wrested her stardom from the reluctant hands of producers. They frowned upon her, because she would not bind herself with a long-term contract. But when they saw exhibitors feature the name of Barbara LaMarr over other members of the cast, in *The Hero* and *Poor Men's Wives*, they saw a great light. Everything Barbara achieved, she helped herself to. But now she is in such demand that she works in three pictures at one time. And dividing her energies thus, children, how many of those three pictures will Barbara steal? Quite right, Bobby, she won't steal any.



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Does Gloria Believe It Herself

(Continued from page 30)

Just a Middle-Western Gal?

BUT she did it very well. Behind her Benda mask—her curious eyes and the mouth that has been called mysterious—is there just a good business woman from the middle-west?

There have been whispers that Gloria had become temperamental. That she carried her emotions around with her, in and out of focus. Zaza, went the whispers, is such a darned emotional part that it can hardly be played two days in succession.

I watched and waited for an outburst. I have wasted precious hours in studios hoping for a display of temperament. I have never seen one. It was always just the day before that Elsie Ferguson threw something at someone.

Stars and Their Temperament

I HAVE heard that Blanche Sweet, in a justifiable irritation, cleared the top of a dressing table of its contents. That Mary Pickford once retired weeping to her dressing room because Marshall Neilan, then her director, gave her a good talking-to. But I am always a day too late. Perhaps, if I had taken Miss Swanson quietly aside and told her just how I felt about it, she would have given us something to talk about. As it was, she spoke of such things as the modern woman.

Gloria and the Modern Flapper

"SHE is much abused. I believe she is more wholesome than her mother or grandmother. The things they longed to do and dared not, she does naturally. She is herself. Her cigarettes, her passion for jazz and speed, are simply little symbols of her urge for expression. I see the psychology of it—one of the results of war. Women had faith, and waited and prayed for their sons, sweethearts, husbands, brothers, who often did not come back. Now they have felt the reaction. They have lost some of that faith. They seek relief in action. And she is none the worse for it, that I can see."

It was then that what seemed to be a small parade passed through the set. Everyone waited—if not with bared heads, still with bated breath. Came a correct nurse, bearing a white, fluffy

thing in her arms; followed various attendants. The parade proceeded to the throne. Zaza held out sparkling arms.

The Swanson Baby

"MY BABY," she cried.

It was just like a scene from a play. I expected director Dwan to call "Camera" at any moment. And the sub-title would read, "The great actress paused in her make-believe and became—just a mother."

Gloria the Second was made to stand upon a chair. She surveyed the adoring group about her and ducked her head.

"What," asked Gloria the First, "does my baby think of mother all dressed up like this?"

Her baby looked at mother and made no answer.

"Adorable!" gurgled the group.

Gloria II Is Two Years Old

THE LITTLE Swanson-Somborn is about two years old now. She has eyes like her mother's as to color, but they are not in the least oriental—yet. They are just wide, infant's eyes. She has a mouth, and a nose, and light hair. It may have been an off day in the nursery, but it did seem that Gloria II was a bit bored with it all. Her life is practically her own. She never poses for publication. Her mother believes a baby's place is in the home; that if Gloria wants publicity when she's old enough to know her own mind, she shall have it, but not before.

"She's been crying all day," remarked her nurse.

"A-a-ah," murmured the sympathetic group.

Living in Norma's House

THE SWANSONS are installed in the house at Bayside, Long Island, which belonged to Norma Talmadge and Joe Schenck. After the Swanson place in California, it is probably little more than a rude shelter. But Gloria and little Gloria must put up with it for two more pictures. The next, to follow Zaza will be a costume affair.

Red on the eyelids, by the way, is a detail of the Swanson make-up. It helps to give her eyes that inscrutable expression which has innocently caused so many of our home girls to acquire lasting squints.

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Finding "The Fountain of Youth"

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*Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!*

—Omar Khayyam.



A SECRET vital to human happiness has been discovered. An ancient problem which, sooner or later, affects the welfare of virtually every man and woman, has been solved. As this problem undoubtedly will come to you eventually, if it has not come already, I urge you to read this article carefully. It may give you information of a value beyond all price.

This newly-revealed secret is not a new "philosophy" of financial success. It is not a political panacea. It has to do with something of far greater moment to the individual—success and happiness in love and marriage—and there is nothing theoretical, imaginative or fantastic about it, because it comes from the coldly exact realms of science and its value has been proved. It "works." And because it does work—surely, speedily and most delightfully—it is one of the most important discoveries made in many years. Thousands already bless it for having rescued them from lives of disappointment and misery. Millions will rejoice because of it in years to come.

The peculiar value of this discovery is that it removes physical handicaps which, in the past, have been considered inevitable and irremediable. I refer to the loss of youthful animation and a waning of the vital forces. These difficulties have caused untold unhappiness—failures, shattered romances, mysterious divorces. True happiness does not depend on wealth, position or fame. Primarily, it is a matter of health. Not the inefficient, "half-alive" condition which ordinarily passes as "health," but the abundant, vibrant, magnetic vitality of superb manhood and womanhood.



Unfortunately, this kind of health is rare. Our civilization, with its wear and tear, rapidly depletes the organism, and, in a physical sense, old age comes on when life should be at its prime.

But this is not a tragedy of our era alone. Ages ago a Persian poet, in the world's most melodious epic of pessimism, voiced humanity's immemorial complaint that "spring should vanish with the rose" and the song of youth too soon come to an end. And for centuries before Omar Khayyam wrote his immortal verses, science had searched—and in the centuries that have passed since then has continued to search—without halt, for the fabled "fountain of youth," an infallible method of renewing energy lost or depleted by disease, overwork, worry, excesses or advancing age.

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